

# The Critic

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## The Critic

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### Literature

#### Mr. Crawford's New Novel

*The Children of the King.* By F. Marion Crawford. \$1. Macmillan & Co.

RATHER MORE THAN ten years ago an unknown writer published a book which sprang at once into the double success of critical appreciation and wide popularity. The London *Athenaeum* reviewed it so favorably that it came to the notice of many who were not used to spend their time over fiction, while in this country it ran through one edition after another, until those who had not read "Mr. Isaacs" were forced to do so in self-defence, under pain of hearing his adventures and philosophy retailed at second-hand. Many a book has been the epidemic of one season, to be forgotten the next; but Mr. Crawford's first hero still holds his own in the goodly company of his successors from the same pen. And this by right, for he is a distinct creation, in which the human and the fantastic are blended with a firm touch, and brought out against a striking background. Mr. Crawford's next novel, "Dr. Claudius," was entirely different, and in the nineteen books which he has published altogether he has covered a wider range than any other writer of fiction of whom we know. It would be too much to expect that these volumes should all be equally good, but there is no slip-shod work in them, and their best is excellent. One field is peculiarly Mr. Crawford's own. The social life of Rome, as of Vienna, is almost unknown to outsiders, who go through it like visitors to a palace, seeing the picture-galleries and state apartments, but not the private rooms where the inmates are really at home. In this Roman society Mr. Crawford was brought up, and of it he speaks as one having authority, so that the series of novels which deal with it, "Saracinesca," "Saint Ilario" and "Don Orsino," are not only delightful reading, but valuable as faithful records of a time which is already past or quickly changing. Stories like "A Roman Singer" or "Marzio's Crucifix" are as true to the life of the middle class, and in reading them we feel that we are looking through a window at groups of people acting out their lives under the sudden impulses and frank passions which make the Italian character puzzling to minds actuated by more complicated motives.

The scene of his last book also is laid in Italy, but away from cities, and it is full of the warmth of summer and the salt breath of the sea. A certain Marchioness, who is so incredibly indolent that she must have been studied from life, comes from Sicily to summer at Sorrento with her daughter, followed by a spendthrift nobleman, San Miniato, whose designs are vague as to the young lady's heart, but definite regarding her dowry. In a few light touches we get a likeness of the man who has "lived," as he considers life, and no longer wishes to feel or to arouse any very deep emotion, but who is not bad at heart, and understands that good breeding requires him to give a decent semblance of sentiment to the girl whom he wishes to marry, as he would open a door for her, or take off his hat. Beatrice Granmichele herself has been brought up in the strictest sect of Italian Pharisaism, the ideal of which is to make of a maiden a doll that before marriage can only say "Papa" and "Mamma," her future vocabulary being left to fate and her husband. But Beatrice's education is not an entire success, for she feels the sap of

life in her veins, and longs for something more real than the conventions which surround her.

As one of the chief amusements of a Sorrentine summer is sailing, the Marchioness and San Miniato hire boats for the season, small native craft commanded by two brothers who give their name to the story. The first chapters of the romance, which relate how the boys came by this strange name and how they pummelled and ran away from the old man who had ill-treated their dead mother, are told with a cheery swing that carries one along like a wave. Although grown to man's estate, Ruggiero, the elder, has never given more than a sailor's passing fancy to any woman until he meets Beatrice, to fall at once hopelessly in love with her, although he knows that she is impossibly above him. The contrast between the real passion which he seeks to hide and the sham sentiment which San Miniato tries to express is well marked, and little by little, over the gay group lounging in the summer shade, there gathers the cloud of a tragedy. One reason for Mr. Crawford's popularity is that his men and women have blood in their veins and not sawdust, so that they appeal to us on the ground of a common humanity, though the scenes in which they move may be unfamiliar.—As we agree with Mr. Brander Matthews in his reprobation of the critic who basely gives away the plot of a good book, so we will refer our readers to the author for the rest of his story.

Mr. Crawford's style seems to us to improve as he grows older, and there are passages in the present volume which, as a matter of English, are at least as good as anything he has ever done. After a strong scene, in which Ruggiero, himself hidden, is forced to listen to San Miniato making love to Beatrice, there is an address to Nature which we make room to quote:

For he who loves and is little loved, or not at all, has no friend—be he of high estate or low—beyond Nature, the deep-bosomed, the bountiful, the true; and on her he may lean trusting, and know that he will not be betrayed. And in time her language will be his. But she will be heard alone when she speaks with him, and without rival, with the full right of a woman who gives all her love and asks for a man's soul in return, recking little of all the world besides. But not all know how kind she is, how merciful and how sweet. For she does not heal broken hearts. She takes them as they are into her own, with all the memory and all the sin, perhaps, and all the bitter sorrow which is the reward of faith and faithlessness alike. She takes them all, and holds them kindly in her own breast, as she has taken the torn limbs of martyred saints and tortured sinners and has softly turned them all into a fragrant dust. And though the ashes of the heart be very bitter, they are after all but dust, which cannot feel of itself any more. Yet there may be something left behind in the place where it lived and was broken and died, which is not wholly bad, though there be little good in this earth where there is no heart.

Moreover, Nature is a silent mistress to all but those who love her, and she tells no tales as men and women do, and forgets none of the secrets which are told to her, for they are our treasures—treasures of love and of hate, of sweetness and of poison, which we lay up in her keeping when we are alone with her, sure that we shall find again all we have given up if we require it of her. But as the years blossom, bloom and fade in their quiet succession, the day will come when we shall ask of her only the balm and be glad to leave the poison hidden, and to forget how we would have used it in old days—when we shall ask her only to give us the memory of a dear and gentle hand—dear still, but no longer kind—of the voice that was once a harmony and whose harsh discord is almost music still—of the hour when love was twofold, stainless and supreme. Those things we shall ask of her, and she, in her wonderful tenderness, will give them to us again—in dreams, waking or sleeping, in the sunlit silence of lonely places, in soft nights when the southern sea is still, in the greater loneliness of the storm, when brave faces are set as stone and freezing hands grasp frozen ropes, and the shadow of death rises from the waves and stands between every man and his fellows. We shall ask and we shall receive. Out of noonday shadow, out of the starlit dusk, out of the driving spray of the midtempest, one face will rise, one hand will touch our own, one loving, lingering glance will meet ours from eyes that have no look of love for us in them now. These things our lady Nature will give us of all those we have given her. But of the others, we shall not ask for them, and she will mercifully forget for us the bitterness of their birth, and life, and death.

We do not think it too much to say that the three masters of English prose in fiction to-day are Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, Mr. Henry James and Mr. Crawford. Their cups are very different; but each drinks from his own. Mr. Stevenson's is cunningly wrought of gold and studded with precious stones, and in admiring its form and color we almost forget at times the wine it holds; Mr. James's is opal-tinted, delicately fashioned, of slender and reserved shape, like the old puzzle-glasses which seem meant to keep their contents prisoner; while Mr. Crawford's is like a clear, thin Venetian goblet, simple in itself, but glowing and brightening with the flush or sparkle of the grape.

"Extinct Monsters"

*A Popular Account of Some of the Larger Forms of Ancient Animal Life.* By Rev. H. N. Hutchinson. With Illustrations by J. Smit and others. \$3. D. Appleton & Co.

TO POPULARIZE SCIENCE is a task which, for its proper fulfilment, demands a talent quite as rare, if not as exalted, as the capacity for original research. To be at once an apt and discriminating learner and a clear expounder implies a combination of gifts which few writers possess. Mr. Hutchinson is one of these few. He is already favorably known by his happily entitled treatise on geology, "The Autobiography of the Earth," which was reviewed in our columns at the time of its appearance. The present work may be deemed a detailed and picturesque expansion of some of the more attractive portions of the earlier volume. Indeed, for a proper understanding of both, the two books should be read together. The huge and ungainly forms of life which modern research has called up from their rocky or earthy or icy tombs are among the most surprising and interesting revelations of geological science. As the author suggests, a description of these remarkable revelations may be the means of attracting many readers to the general study of this important science.

Mr. Hutchinson begins his "monster procession," properly enough, with the creatures of the earliest life-bearing strata, the lowest Palaeozoic formations. And here, for once, his "commodity of good names" seems to have failed him. He gives to these primitive and hugest specimens of the "articulata" the rather repulsive and not particularly appropriate title of "sea-scorpions," a name referring merely to the form, and not in that respect exactly descriptive. The great *Pterigotus anglicus*, a hungry and predaceous crustacean, nearly six feet in length, an ancestor of the modern king-crab, and clothed like him in jointed armor, leads the line of monstrosities which the author and his illustrators bring before us. These are followed by the more aptly named "fish-lizards," the enormous tyrants of the Mesozoic seas. And these again give place in time and horror, if not in oddity, to the uncouth creatures of the Cænozoic (or as Mr. Hutchinson prefers to style it, in that modern hybrid orthography which is neither classic nor English, the Cainozoic) era, beginning with the "generalized types" of the Eocene and Miocene periods, half elephant and half rhinoceros, and coming down to the great sloths and armadillos of a later day in South America, and thence culminating in the mastodon and mammoth, which died out in the latest Quaternary epoch. Mr. Hutchinson, indeed, does not restrict himself within this limit, but includes among his extinct monsters that huge but harmless marine mammal, "Steller's sea-cow" (*Rhytina gigas*), a grazing sea-beast of the dugong and manatee type, over thirty feet in length, which fed in the shallows adjacent to Bering's Straits, and was not exterminated until near the close of the last century.

Of the external appearance of this latest victim of man's destroying fury there can be no doubt. The aspect of the mammoth is also known beyond a question, not only from the remarkable etchings on bone and ivory which have been left by its contemporaries, the Quaternary hunters of France, but from his actual remains, in sound and eatable flesh, clothed in skin and hair as in life, which have been preserved to our time in Siberian ice. But of most of these extinct

prodigies we have no relics but the skeletons, and these frequently are not complete. We may learn the general build and kinship and habits of an animal, its class and order and genus, and much about its ways of life, from its osseous framework; but its outward appearance will still be largely a matter of conjecture. The restorations of extinct Secondary and Tertiary animals, for which the late Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins gained a popular reputation some fifty years ago, have been shown by recent researches to be defective in many points. It is satisfactory to be assured, as we are in the preface to the present volume, by so eminent an authority as Dr. Henry Woodward, F.R.S., the Keeper of the Geological Department in the Natural History Museum at Kensington, that the careful studies of Mr. Hutchinson, guiding the skill of "that excellent artist of animals," Mr. J. Smit, have produced "the happiest set of restorations that has yet appeared."

The author's style is generally clear and readable, if not particularly polished. It is rather surprising that his good taste should not have preserved him from the inanity of citing as an authentic "anecdote" of Cuvier the ridiculous prank usually attributed (probably without truth) to the students of a German university, who are said to have endeavored to alarm their Professor of Zoology by the bedside apparition of a simulacrum of the devil (or, as Mr. Hutchinson absurdly has it, of a talking "wild beast") represented by one of their number, clothed in the appendages of hoofs and horns, and thus manifesting himself to the professor's scientific glance as a harmless "graminivorous animal." The simplicity which could repeat such a preposterous story, and imagine it to apply to Cuvier and his students, shows that if the intelligence needed to popularize science is perhaps as rare as that which is required for original research, it is in this instance, at least, of a considerably lower grade.

A New History of the United States

*History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850.* By James Ford Rhodes. 2 vols. \$5. Harper & Bros.

ONE OF THE most positive signs of a rapid advance in a healthy civilization in the United States during the past quarter of a century is the great interest taken in historical studies. Prior to 1860 modern history received, at best, but slight attention. Now United States history, coming down almost to the present time, is taught in all our leading colleges and universities. Such a course of instruction inevitably breeds intellectual and political independence, and although it has not affected practical politics as much as it doubtless will, it renders political sophistry more difficult. Yet so many periods of our history still remain so comparatively unexplored that every painstaking and conscientious historian is welcomed as a pioneer and credited for his courage. The latest scholar to appear in the rôle of historian of the United States is Mr. James Ford Rhodes.

It is Mr. Rhodes's intention to narrate the history of the period from 1850 to 1885. His first instalment, in two octavo volumes, treats the decade from the Compromise of 1850 to Lincoln's election. Professor von Holst and Mr. Schouler are the only ones who have written what may be called a systematic account of the events of this time. But as the former's work covering these years is about twice as voluminous as Mr. Rhodes's, and as the latter's is hardly one-half so long, the present volumes must be judged largely by themselves. Besides, von Holst's purpose was to make his history mainly "constitutional," and Schouler's aim was evidently to give a popular presentation. Mr. Rhodes's design appears to be to employ the most approved system of research and elaboration, yet to present his results in a narrative that will interest the ordinary reader of history without losing its value to the careful student. The attempt to realize such an undertaking is difficult and even hazardous. Considering that what is before us is not merely the author's first book, but is his first serious literary work, the measure of his success is as astonishing as it is gratifying.

Depth and care of research are of the first importance to

the historian of a field which has been only partially explored. No predecessor writing of any part of the period since Madison's administration has made such a thorough study of the authorities bearing upon his work. Not only does Mr. Rhodes seem familiar with almost every book and pamphlet relating to his decade, but he also shows a remarkable knowledge of the files of at least a dozen newspapers. He has surpassed all predecessors in the use of material of this character, and he is one of the first to show the great influence which the press had upon shaping public opinion and the formulation of legislation. Yet the result, so far as newspaper authorities are concerned, shows one serious failing in his investigations. Nearly all of the newspapers which he used were Northern ones; so that when, only occasionally, we feel the heat of the popular excitement of the South, it is generally merely reflected from quotations in Northern papers. The inevitable result is, that as the author is far less familiar with the feelings of the people of the South, he has not been able to allot to them their due proportion of his narrative. This unintended injustice is mainly negative—one of omission.

The omission is all the more to be regretted because, had Mr. Rhodes thoroughly familiarized himself with the various shades of popular feeling in the South, we find ample reasons to believe that his unbiassed judgment would have been given in every instance. The temper of the work is excellent, as a whole. The most that can be said is that in the case of certain great leaders he does not seem to appreciate fully the force or picturesqueness of their positions. His treatment of Calhoun overlooks some of the most striking traits in the man's character. On the other hand, the most ordinary acts of Webster, Douglas and Lincoln seem to him to be important. A positive hero-worship of Webster, extending to great lengths and bursting forth at unexpected times, here and there, mars the tenor of the narrative. The author's unmeasured admiration for Webster's intellectual qualities and his services to the Union prior to the Seventh of March speech has led him into the mistake of arguing indirectly that Webster ought not to be blamed for that one speech. For once the historian seems to become the advocate. (See Vol. i., 135-62.) The estimates of the strong and the weak qualities of Sumner and Seward are impressive and precise, showing an uncommon capacity for insight into personal impulses.

While the composition is nowhere brilliant or positively fascinating, it is generally clear and direct. The narrative is quite devoid of the profound philosophical speculation which von Holst weaves into his work, and it is not so crisp or picturesque as Schouler's, but it is read with greater ease, and it will leave more distinct impressions than either. We notice an occasional tendency to fall into Shakespearean and Biblical sentences or paraphrases, which rarely improve the sobriety of historical narration. The following sentences are among the few which we think more careful editing would have excluded:—"But the story of the end is a repeated tale; the seeds sown fell among thorns, and the thorns sprung up and choked them" (Vol. i., 58); "When the newspapers mentioned the sudden death of one of them (a slave), it was the loss of money that was bewailed, and not of the light which no Promethean heat can relume" (Ibid., 308). The first few paragraphs introducing Lincoln into the narrative contain a number of cant words and ideas which are decidedly extravagant. Lincoln's reading of Shakespeare is mentioned four times in three pages (Vol. ii., 308-11). The repeated reference to John Brown as "the Old Puritan" seems to us to be a blemish. The following phrases might have been improved upon:—"Big with fate" (i., 1); "big with consequences" (ii., 301); J. Q. Adams "died there with his harness on his back" (i., 71); "atone manifold for his cold heart" (i., 71); "always be of perennial memory" (i., 75); "the olive branch was to be backed with money" (i., 89); "the most striking of any" (i., 205); "assisted at" in the Gallic sense of merely attending or viewing (i., 238, 384; ii., 3); "the tide of opinion was settling" (ii., 345).

The most valuable chapter of the history is the one on the institution and effect of slavery. No one else has given such a full and interesting picture of slavery as it existed in the cotton States a few years before the war. Here Mr. Rhodes's wide researches and judicial temperament have brought forth their best fruit. Yet some will probably object that he has taken slavery in its extreme harshness as symbolic of the whole. Although it was plantation slavery and slave-breeding that were the potent forces in the South, the author would have painted a more complete picture of slavery had he given fuller mention to its character in the border States and large cities of the South.

Mr. Rhodes's work, on the whole, is such as to inspire confidence in his desire to be impartial. His treatment of the Kansas troubles and of the John Brown raid are notable examples of his qualities in this respect. With few exceptions, he has made up his narrative from a careful study of his authorities; he has no pet theories to advance, few idols to worship. He wins the reader's respect by his fair-mindedness, and we believe that he would willingly change any opinion expressed, if good evidence to the contrary were presented.

#### \* Mr. Roberts's Shelley Ode

*Ave: An Ode for the Shelley Centenary. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Toronto: Williamson Book Co.*

OF THE MANY poems written to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of Shelley's birth, one of the most recent and commendable is Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's ode, entitled "Ave." It is noble in conception, stately in movement, lofty in expression, imaginative and sustained. The stanzaic form, resembling that employed in "Adonais," is well suited to a composition of this nature and is handled with admirable ease and sureness. Mr. Roberts can always be relied upon for excellence of workmanship, and whatever he writes is pretty sure to show evidence of inspiration. This ode is one of his most ambitious and entirely successful productions, as well as a strong proof of his right to a place in the first rank of younger American poets (Prof. Roberts is a Canadian). The opening stanzas are descriptive of the marshes of Tantramar, where as a child the poet was wont to wander, and where, as he says,

Purged with high thoughts and infinite desire  
I entered fearless the most holy place,  
Received between my lips the secret fire,  
The breath of inspiration on my face.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The mystic river whence you take your name,  
River of hubbub, raucous Tantramar,  
Untamable and changeable as flame,  
It called me and compelled me from afar,  
Shaping my soul with its impetuous stress.  
When in its gaping channel deep withdrawn  
Its waves ran crying of the wilderness  
And winds and stars and dawn,  
How I companioned them in speed sublime,  
Led out a vagrant on the hills of Time!

A contemplation of Shelley's life and genius evokes the memories of these early haunts. The singer finds in them something harmonizing well with the main burden of his song:—

Like yours, O marshes, his compassionate breast,  
Wherein abode all dreams of love and peace,  
Was tortured with perpetual unrest. \* \* \*  
But all about the tumult of his heart  
Stretched the great calm of his celestial art.  
Therefore with no far flight, from Tantramar  
And my still world of ecstasy, to thee,  
Shelley, to thee I turn, the avatar  
Of Song, Love, Dream, Desire and Liberty.

Then follow eighteen fine stanzas devoted to "the breathless child of change"; with allusions to various incidents in his brief and half unreal existence, to the splendors of his "immortal music."

Prisoned in imperishable rhyme,

and to the circumstances of his tragic death. Without commenting upon them we present two passages which impress us as being beautiful for their pure poetic quality :—

**Mourn, Mediterranean waters, mourn.**  
 In affluent purple down your golden shore !  
 Such strains as his, whose voice you stilled in scorn,  
 Our ears may greet no more,  
 Unless at last to that far sphere we climb  
 Where he completes the wonder of his rhyme !  
 Back from the underworld of whelming change  
 To the wide-glittering beach thy body came ;  
 And thou didst contemplate with wonder strange  
 And curious regard thy kindred flame,  
 Fed sweet with frankincense and wine and salt,  
 With fierce purgation search thee, soon resolving  
 Thee to the elements of the airy vault  
 And the far spheres revolving,  
 The common waters, the familiar woods,  
 And the great hills' inviolate solitudes.

In the final two stanzas the poet's thought again reverts to the marshes, and the ode ends gracefully and with a dignity befitting its theme.

All lovers of Shelley will appreciate this genuinely poetic tribute to their favorite, and those who love poetry for its own sake will be charmed with it. It is neatly printed on one side of the page only, and with wide margins, and tastefully bound in plain board covers.

#### Kaspar Hauser

*The Story of Kaspar Hauser from Authentic Records.* By Elizabeth E. Evans. \$1.75. Macmillan & Co.

IN A VERY interesting way Mrs. Evans revives the Kaspar Hauser mystery, and ardently urges that the Nuremberg foundling was the abducted Prince of Baden. The case is a curious one, and one that after threescore years has neither found a solution nor lost its interest. In 1812 the infant son and heir of Karl, Grand Duke of Baden, died suddenly. There were suspicions of foul play, for had the child lived, there was an end to Margrave Ludwig's pretensions to the throne. But there were also suspicions that the child had been abducted, and a poisoned child substituted, which, dying, had been buried as the actual Prince. In 1828 a mysterious boy, apparently about sixteen, appeared on the streets of Nuremberg. He could not talk, could scarcely walk, and in all his actions and bearing was absolutely like an infant. He could recognize no one, and no one had the slightest clew to his identity. Utterly helpless, he was cared for by the city. Under thoughtful treatment he rapidly learned to express himself, and became able to tell a few startling details of his former life—a small dark cell in which he had always been confined, a diet of bread and water, no companions, a few toys : these summed up his existence. When a pen was put into his hand he could write two words, and only two—"Kaspar Hauser." Was this the Prince of Baden ?

Mrs. Evans makes out a very plausible case. She shows vividly the antecedent probability in favor of her thesis. Cogent circumstantial evidence is adduced, and opposing arguments are answered. The publication in 1876 of passages from the Court archives proved to the minds of many that the infant Prince actually died ; but Mrs. Evans rightly insists that it only proves the death and burial of a child whose identity the archives fail to establish. As direct evidence is instanced a disclosure of the year 1892 : a tell-tale letter of Ludwig's and a death-bed confession of Ludwig's Minister. If these are not forgeries, a point not yet possible to decide, they practically establish Kaspar Hauser's case.

Mrs. Evans then seems to have the facts at her service. In spite of this, even if her theory be strictly true, she cannot be accorded the praise of having said the definitive word on the subject. For her treatment of it is unscientific in the extreme. Her method is to tell her story, marshal her arguments, dispose of objections, without giving the reader an inkling as to how much of her narrative is hypothesis and how much is historical fact. No trust can be placed in her

generalizations until the reader has examined for himself the mass of evidence that the bibliography refers to. The work done on the book is work that will have to be done all over again, unless the author is prepared to quote chapter and verse for all her statements, and in a new edition to distinguish carefully between theory and record. On the other hand, it would be unjust not to add that Mrs. Evans has produced a book that will make on everyone who reads it an impression he will be unlikely to forget. The story of Kaspar Hauser as told has the power and fascination of romance.

#### Miss Jewsbury's Letters to Mrs. Carlyle

*Selections from the Letters of Geraldine Enders Jewsbury to Jane Welsh Carlyle.* Edited by Mrs. Alexander Ireland. \$5. Longmans, Green & Co.

MISS JEWSBURY wrote some novels and was a contributor to *The Atheneum*, but her title to distinction lies in the fact that she was the most intimate friend of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Mrs. Carlyle's share of their copious correspondence was destroyed at her own request, but Miss Jewsbury's letters were preserved, and this bulky volume contains a hundred and twenty-six of them. They fully display the writer's personality, and yet the personality possesses an interest that the letters lack. Miss Jewsbury was a bright, affectionate woman, and her regard for her friend was genuine and lasting. She gave her sympathy understandingly and asked for as much in return. A part of this return sympathy was required for her love affairs, and a part—the larger part—met her natural craving to confide and be confided in. One learns as much about her character, however, from Mrs. Ireland's appreciative introduction as from 440 pages of letters. Of themselves, these letters do not greatly attract. They are full of feeling, but they do not outlive the occasion that dictated them. Cleverness is not lacking, but the good things by no means average one to a letter. This is their calibre : "The most triumphantly ugly woman I ever beheld" ; "My child, do pitch your virtue in a lower key."

As far as Mrs. Carlyle is concerned, one really learns nothing that comes as a revelation. The side-light the correspondence throws on that brilliant daughter of fate only corroborates our previous knowledge of her. And this is the *raison d'être* of the book. In regard to the editing, two remarks must be made : first, the book should be annotated (Mrs. Ireland is abundantly able to do it) with references to previously published Carlyle material ; second, a protest must be entered against the continual, exasperating and generally needless substitution of dashes for names of persons.

#### Newman Smyth's "Christian Ethics"

*International Theological Library.* Vol. II. \$2.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

PROMPTLY, yet without haste, appears the second volume in the International Theological Library, edited by Dr. Chas. A. Briggs and Dr. S. D. F. Salmon of Aberdeen. The theme is Christian ethics, and the teacher holds to his theme, and sticks to his text. It is not the ethics of Aristotle, Plato or Confucius, nor even of Moses or Calvin, that is here set forth. To Dr. Smyth, Christian ethics is the science of living according to Christianity. Its object is to bring all the materials of human life under this supreme formative principle—"according to Christ." This science of living great things follows no abstract theory of virtue, but proceeds from a creative Person.

Hence the author throughout seeks for the interpretation and reconciliation of human life and its problems in the wisdom of the spirit of Christ. Part first, including six chapters, treats of the Christian ideal, its revelation, contents, realization, forms in which realization is possible, and methods of progressive actualization. The Family, the State and the Church are the spheres.

Part second treats of duties: conscience, duties towards self and towards others, social problems and Christian duties, and duties towards God are discussed. All the way through

we are listening to a disciple of Jesus. It is startlingly original to find a teacher taking Jesus only as his Master, and even believing that God is a Christian. Such a method is most un-Continental and un-English. The book smells of the "new theology" of Americanism all the way through; yet in reality it is so truly Christian, that even the occasional references to German and Oriental authorities rather than adorn the discussion. In the chapter on marriage and divorce, for example, Dr. Smyth will carry the American mind and heart with him; but he may expect castigation from his British critics, for English law seems to know only the man's and the master's side of the case.

We have not space to go into the details of this book, which we are inclined to think is almost worthy of the prophetic adjective "epoch-making." It acknowledges that there are other ethical masters and systems, yet it holds loyally to Christ. It shows in every chapter familiarity with the criticisms made on Christianity and the Christian ideals and practice; yet its master is Christ. Further, the author knows modern life, not alone in the cloister or study, but as made and lived by actual men. Still further, the style and manner are winsome, not magisterial. The thoughts are as pebbles on the bed of a crystal stream; for one must be seeking a quarrel who cannot tell what Dr. Smyth means. This remarkable book ought to be at once translated into all the languages of the Continent whence came the great and the greatest of ethical teachers.

#### Recent Fiction

"A FAMILY LIKENESS," by B. M. Croker, is a clever illustration of the novel of incident. It is a tale that occupies itself chiefly with some English people in the Himalayan hills, but which has not omitted to give entertaining pictures of the Englishman *chez lui*. The humor of the story consists in the exposure of an old hypocritical toady, who was fulsomely attached to all the members of the aristocracy and was a walking encyclopaedia of their traditions and histories. His pretension to a stainless bill of social health lay in the tirades he made against low marriages and his self-gratulatory attitude at never having committed one. In the end it turns out that he had not only done that, but had done other things far more disgraceful—such as cheating at a horse-race; and these two things leak out at the sudden appearance of his daughter, whom he had kept concealed in the hills of India for nineteen years. It is worth the whole labor of reading the book to appreciate the scene where the vulgar, leery old butter-man meets the appalled hypocrite on a hotel veranda and "chums" with him familiarly before a lot of high-born friends, on the strength of having kept the daughter out of the father's way. The girl, a fine specimen of injured innocence, is the heroine, and though she has very little to say, she makes a capital foil for the heartless fopperies of her father and the delightful spirits and manly affection of her lover. The book is increasingly entertaining from the first chapter to the last, and while it makes no serious attempt at character-drawing and its sole object is to amuse, it does present a series of pictures of Anglo-Indian life that appear to be faithful and are certainly enlivening. (\$1. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"THE LAST CONFESSION," by Hall Caine, contains some very dramatic work marred by extravagance and loss of power. It is the description of a physician's journey to Morocco for his health; the father of a delicate boy of six who had been subject to some fearful throat trouble, he had labored himself into nervous prostration to discover a remedy for this disease. While in the desert he learns from his wife that the child has an attack of the old trouble, and knowing that only he can perform the operation that will save the boy, he travels night and day to reach him. He is followed by a renegade Spaniard, who acts as Moorish guide to tourists and who has made up his mind to kill the physician for the booty. Divining this, the traveller tries to touch the heart of the guide by appealing to his own love for his little girl waiting in the market-place for her father's return. Seeing the Spaniard remain cold and calculating, he suddenly stabs him, knowing it is an act of self-defence and the saving of his son's life. On reaching the village where the guide lived, the little girl in the market-place waiting, with wistful eyes towards the desert, was pointed out to him. Anguish at his deed seizes him; but he pushes on, reaches London, saves his son's life, and sinks, a stricken, dying man. The confession is made to a Spanish priest—the father of the renegade. It is his duty to give absolution for the murder of his son. He does so without telling the physician whose son he had killed. From the outline, the

dramatic conception of the story can be seen, but the confession from the start is pitched in so high a key that there must either be a break in the *crescendo* or a catastrophe. There are breaks, particularly in the description of the father's love for his child, where Mr. Caine loses that reserve power and reasonableness where alone are force and probability. The best touch in the book lies in the picture of the little girl waiting, with straining eyes, for the father who will return no more. (\$1. Tait, Sons & Co.)

"THE MIDNIGHT WARNING, and Other Stories," by Edward H. House, is a thoroughly delightful volume of spirited and charming tales. The story that gives the book its title is the record of a Fourth of July during war time in Arkansas. Three children were left by their Union father on the old family estate while he went North to fight, and the privations they bore for their country, the deeds of daring they committed, the loyalty they displayed in enshrinng the stars and stripes and the Constitution in the old library, the debt they paid to honor and the rewards they received will stimulate any imaginative boy or girl to do likewise—if not, for lack of opportunity, in the same way, in some other way that shall illustrate the principles of devotion, manliness and trustworthiness. We have a suspicion, however, that the shrewd boy reader will recognize that the hero of "The Midnight Warning" not only had an old head on young shoulders, but that his speeches contain the wisdom, moderation and conciseness that do not belong to immature and hot-headed youth, but that belong alone to authors who can write such clever and interesting stories as the above. Other tales in the book quite as delightful in their way as the first are:—"Gracie's Godson," "Natty Barton's Magic," "Our Ugly Idol," "Try Again," "Trescott's Wager" and "A Friend in Need." These are all charmingly illustrated and printed in good clear type. (\$1.25. Harper & Bros.)

"A SISTER'S SIN," by Mrs. Lovett Cameron, is a revival of that good old stand-by, the betrayal of a village girl by a man in higher station, and the sacrifice the girl's sister made to bring up the child of the unhappy situation. No business firm sending out circulars for the new year in which it guarantees to sell precisely the same line of goods as heretofore had met the satisfaction of its customers could promise more of old-time requirements than this book fulfills. Nothing is omitted, nothing committed, that will cause the slightest dissatisfaction to those purchasers who for the last half-century have patronized these wares. There is the weak and erring girl, the shallow, selfish and boastful youth, the cold, calculating and ambitious mother of the youth, the innocent infant, the strong, self-sacrificing sister and the broken-hearted father of the girl, the jilted village lover, manly and broad-shouldered, and the strong sister's lover, from whom she flees because she can't marry until she has fulfilled her self-imposed duties to the dead girl's infant child. Can a reasonable customer ask for more than this at the ordinary market price of one dollar? or does he, like the reviewer, wish that there might be a McKinley bill for literature that would have the effect not of raising the price of such tales, but of reducing the measure and amount the sum can buy? (\$1. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—"A MILLBROOK ROMANCE," by A. L. Donaldson, is a collection of tales of sentiment and feeling which demonstrates the author's ability to tell a story with fancy, but which also demonstrates lack of observation, weak handling and a certain spiritlessness. The stories besides the title-tale are "A Sound from the Past," "The Story of a Picture," "A Reverie," "A Pair of Gloves," "The Opal Ring" and "A Simple Story." (75 cts. Thomas Whittaker.)

TWO LITTLE books of about the same length tell of that new life which is revealed to the human heart when for the first time it learns the principle of love and fellowship. One is the story of a winning, wilful little Californian girl, who thought this knowledge was the counsel of her fairy-godmother, who came just in time to help her bear her foster-mother's scolding. The other is the story of a solitary, unloved, old New England spinster, who saw visions of tenderness and sympathy open before her, because the people at a funeral mistook her for the nearest and dearest friend of the woman they were burying. In all her grim, cold life no one had ever before spoken gently or soothingly to her, and so, with burning tears streaming down her hard face, she left the mistake unexplained and persuaded herself that the dead woman had been her friend, was so now at least, and that the grave in the spicy, minty cemetery belonged to her. From that moment existence took on new aspects of humanity and helpfulness. She saw beauty in the common wayside flowers, and did acts of service to others in her daily life, and having been frigidly called "Miss Staples" by the villagers, she was afterwards always spoken of by young and old as "Aunt Liefy," which is the title of this interesting little sketch of New England character by Annie Trumbull Slosson. (60 cts. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) "Everybody's Fairy-Godmother" is the

title of the story of the little Californian girl, and is by Dorothy Q. It is a charming little tale, full of the quaint fancies that fill an imaginative child's brain. Madge, the heroine, had no mother and lived with old Mrs. Mack, who was cross and scolded. One day in the woods something whispered that Mrs. Mack had a good self which, like the lovely dove in the Holy Ghost orchid, would come out if the wind and the sun and the warm air coaxed it to. Slowly the little girl realized that she was to be the wind and the warm air and the sun, and that, if she stopped teasing, Mrs. Mack's nice self would come out. Madge's fairy-godmother was not nearly so hard to work for as Tom's in "The Water Babies," because she didn't have any half-sister who followed her about with suit-the-crime punishments, as Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid followed in dear Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby's wake. Madge had only to stand very still and quiet and her godmother appeared at once. While, as we know, poor Tom had sometimes to wait for months. If the reader suspects that such a joyous, bounding little cricket as Madge is not often so reflective and self-analytical, he will understand that a fairy-godmother can do wonderful things, and that in that sunny land of romance and roses all good things come quickly to fruition. The tone of the book is too sentimental to be altogether wholesome. (United States Book Co.)

"WINTERBOROUGH," by Eliza Orne White, is one of those charming stories that can be written of New England village life—and of that alone. It is the record of a very piquant, pertinent and spirited young scholar whose first conflict with the young schoolmaster over the writing of a composition led to a warfare that only ended years after by the surrender of the obstinate little culprit and a promise to abide in peace and loyalty within the enemy's pickets. Whether she keeps her promise will be a very natural speculation with the reader, but if she breaks it, it will be done with so much spirit and liveliness that the enemy, being a good-hearted and manly fellow, will hardly begrudge her her little mutiny. A girl who writes a composition on the subject "From which do you get the most pleasure—books or people?" that consists of one word, "People," and then stoutly maintains that she has answered the question in clear, terse and classic English, shows signs of originality that may be difficult to manage before a roomful of scholars, but will make an ever-delightful companion when authority and relationship are equal. This was not the only distinction Persis Hastings gained by her pen. Her brevity in youth was made up for in her teens by a novel, "The Daughter of a Grammarian," which one of her admirers helped her to publish. This, however, hardly brought her the fame of her earlier work and not nearly so much satisfaction, which was shown by her speedy engagement to the man who had looked with least sympathy upon her literary labors. The truth of it is that this entirely fascinating, wayward young woman had her faults, which, however, if you gave her six months or so in which to learn them, she always confessed. The style of the story is quaintly fanciful, the situations of the village life drawn with true and gentle touch, and the character of Persis, with her odd name and her winning little person, is quite delightfully real. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

#### New Books and New Editions

SOME OF OUR readers may be interested in a work entitled "Footprints of Statesmen During the Eighteenth Century in England." The object of the book is to show that parliamentary government and cabinet responsibility as they are known in England to-day had their origin in the early part of the eighteenth century, and have had a continuous development ever since. The subject is treated biographically in a series of sketches of the leading statesmen of the century, from Marlborough to the second Pitt. Walpole is regarded as the first parliamentarian of the modern type, and the main outlines of his character and career are well drawn. Bolingbroke and Swift are treated as the founders of political journalism, and Chatham as the first statesman to rely largely on popular opinion and sympathy. The second Pitt is justly regarded as the real founder of the modern Liberal party; and Mr. Brett even goes so far as to say that "the writings of Burke, the doctrines of Adam Smith, the speeches of Mr. Pitt in favor of electoral reform, cover the whole ground of modern politics." There is much truth in that remark, no doubt; yet the birth of the democratic spirit and the great development of industry have brought forces and problems into politics of which Pitt and Burke knew little or nothing. Mr. Brett's work, as he himself says, is only a sketch; but it conveys some useful information about eighteenth-century politics, and conveys it in a readable style. (\$1.75. Macmillan & Co.)

IF ANYONE wishes to know what anarchism is, let him read "Why Government at All?", by William H. Van Ornum. The author reviews several schemes of social reform that have lately been broached, and pronounces them all either insufficient or im-

practicable, and declares that the only salvation for humanity lies in the entire abolition of government and law. "Human law," he tells us, is "absolutely incompatible with liberty, and always operates to the advantage of some and the disadvantage of others" (p. 133). Selfishness he affirms to be the sole motive of human actions and the mainspring of progress. It sometimes leads men astray, to be sure; but that is merely because they are ignorant. The ethical distinctions of good and bad, he says, have no real basis; and there is "no such thing as 'good men' or 'good women' in any other sense than as wise or intelligent men or women, nor as 'bad men' or women than as foolish or ignorant ones" (p. 136). "Criminals are exactly like other men"; and "their crimes are only the natural and justifiable resistance induced by the expressions of the law against their natural liberty" (p. 288). From all of which it follows that the way to make everybody good, rich and happy is to abolish the law and the authority that maintains it; and this is to be effected by the simple refusal of the majority of the people to obey the laws or to maintain any officers to enforce them. We have only to add that the author's language and style are but little better than his ideas. (\$1.50. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.)

THE LATEST ISSUE in the Great Educators Series is by an English writer, H. Courthope Bowen, and treats of "Froebel and Education by Self-activity." The author is an enthusiastic admirer and disciple of Froebel, and his work has the interest that such enthusiasm imparts; but we cannot say that it is a satisfactory presentation of its subject. The arrangement is faulty, and causes a good deal of repetition, and, besides that, the style is not good, the sentences being often badly constructed and devoid of literary grace. However, it presents all sides of Froebel's life and activity, and conveys in its way a good deal of information. It opens with a sketch of Froebel's life, the materials for which are in the main derived from his autobiography and other writings, and then proceeds to an account of his literary works and his educational system. Considerable space is occupied with an exposition of his pantheism and mysticism, which are so repulsive to philosophic minds, and which might better have been spared to the readers of this book. However, the practical side of his activity is chiefly dwelt upon, and the methods of the kindergarten are explained with as much fulness as most readers will desire. Some account is also given of the relation of Froebel's work to earlier and later systems, especially that of Pestalozzi, and also of its bearings on morality and religion. Mr. Bowen writes with an evident desire to state the truth without prejudice; but a better method of exposition and a more careful style would have added much to the value of the book. (\$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

PROF. NOAH K. DAVIS, who some years ago published a treatise on the theory of thought, has now given to the public a smaller work dealing with syllogistic logic only, and bearing the title "Elements of Deductive Logic." The work is not without merit in some respects, but has also some noticeable defects. The style is tolerably clear; but some of the technical terms are either not defined or not sufficiently early in the discussion. Thus the important words connotative and denotative are introduced on the twentieth page, but without definition; and no satisfactory explanation of them is anywhere given. The author's extreme conceptualism, too, is the reverse of commendable. Thus he says that "to predicate is either to affirm or deny one notion of another"; and elsewhere he says that "generalization is a fiction of thought." The book, as a whole, is no improvement on others already existing, and is in some respects inferior. (90 cts. Harper & Bros.)

#### Archdeacon Farrar at His Desk

OF ARCHDEACON FARRAR, who is preparing a new Life of Christ for early publication, an interviewer in *The Sunday Magazine* says:—

Dr. Farrar now does most of his daily work at an upright desk, standing close by the window. He has one constant companion—"Polly" by name, and parrot by profession. "Polly" is silent tonight—asleep; but during the day she fills the rôle of good physician. She insists on having a little share of her master's thought, and occasionally a perch on his finger, possibly from an instinctive sense of the evil of all work and no play, even to an Archdeacon. She is continually illustrating the health-value of innocent laughter, and, thanks to "Polly," many a melancholy-visaged visitor leaves Dean's Yard with brighter countenance and lighter heart. No wonder that Dr. Farrar accomplishes so much work! His "working-day" opens at half-past eight o'clock in the morning and does not close until ten o'clock at night, when for an hour or so he will give himself up to the novel or book of the hour, or other form of recreation.

### The Area for Novelists

WHEN MR. CRAWFORD arrived in this country a few months since, he was duly interviewed by the reporters, to whom he expressed his opinion that America was the best possible field for the novelist, though a field from which he was himself excluded by birth and long residence abroad. The following article is an English comment—Mr. Lang's, or some other London *Daily News*-man's—on Mr. Crawford's suggestion:—

Civilization, history and evolution at large have not hitherto been considered mainly as forces which produce types for the use of the novelist. This interesting way of regarding things in general is suggested by an interview in which Mr. Marion Crawford was recently the patient. Mr. Crawford is well-known as the most fertile and cosmopolitan of novelists. He has done India and England and Italy, and bits of Germany, and has even encountered a witch in Prague. "Some of her statements was tough," as Huckleberry Finn says; still they are the fruits of travel and research. Now Mr. Crawford has visited the land of his fathers, America, and even in New York he has found a topic for his pen. The interviewer wanted to know what Mr. Crawford thought of America as a field for novelistic enterprise, just as Mr. James Pinkerton was anxious to learn what were the leading characteristics of high-toned American sculpture. Mr. Crawford spoke in a most gratifying way of America as a soil suitable for the growth of novels. He does not mean to enter into the harvest himself, because he knows Europe better, and would need several years of residence among his American characters. This period of probation somehow does not seem to have charms for Mr. Crawford, and he is going to do Calabrian sailors and the society of modern Rome. Perhaps the languages of Magna Graecia and Central Italy are more easily acquired and spoken than the phonetically decayed dialects of the Tennessee mountains, of negroes in the South, and old rural maids in the North, and miners in the West. Still, there is little doubt that the English and perhaps the American public are not enthusiastically fond of novels about Italy. There is usually so much culture in them, and so much landscape, and so many a contadino dancing with a Transteverina to the music of a pifferaro outside an albergo. The mere sight of a novel about Italy alarms, and we go on to look for something else. Mr. Crawford, however, can interest us in any place, from Darjeeling to Prague, and from Prague to Washington Square. Still, on Mr. Crawford's theory, Italy should be a fertile soil of romance. In his opinion a mixture of races produces original characters, and these are what the novelist needs. This is the reason why America is so promising a soil for novelistic enterprise. "The richest field in the whole world for the novelist to work is right here in the United States." Yet Mr. Crawford is not going to work it; in a generous spirit he leaves it to his compatriots.

Curiously enough, a number of American novelists seem more at home in England, France, and Italy than in the States. Their American characters, even, are always cruising about on this old Continent. They do not agree with Mr. James's patriotic little boy in Rome. "Father's not here, he is in a better place," which proved to be, not the Land o' the Leal, but Schenectady, U.S. The novelists prefer Rome, or even May Fair, and neglect the materials which evolution has deposited, as it were, at their doors. Yet, in America, all kinds of people are always coming in—Japanese, Chinese, Irish, English, Germans, Poles, Polynesians, Jews of every kind, and intermarrying with the older stocks, while there are Ojibways, and Iroquois, and Pawnees, and negroes. There is no

doubt that singular types must be produced. If a Pole marries a Chinese lady, and has a son who weds a daughter of the Delawares, and a daughter who espouses a mulatto, while Germans are taking Japanese to their hearths, and children of Spaniards and Aztecs are leading to the altar children of Incas and Portuguese, a most singular assortment of types should undoubtedly be evolved. Here the novelist should revel in a luxury of types; he cannot content himself with a mere strain of Indian blood, as in "Elsie Venner." Yet a glance at American fiction does not show us many results of all this mingling of races; little comes of it but an Octoroon, or so, or a casual Injun Joe, who is usually a depraved character, no better than a gipsy. A good deal more has been done with gypsies than with Injun Joes. We never find a fair Jewess wedding a Pawnee chief, not even in Captain Mayne Reid. Either American novelists "sin their mercies" and neglect their opportunities, or the mixture of races has not produced the desirable results.

The latter theory is very probable. It may be that all combinations of races are not successful. In Italy, as in England, races have been much intermixed. Pelasgians (whoever they may have been), Etruscans, Latins, Gauls, Greeks, Goths, Arabs, Normans have all intermarried in Italy. In England we have been invaded and annexed by Romans, English Normans, Scotch and Irish. But except for the Arabs in Italy, all these peoples have probably been akin: Indo-Germanic in the long run, though the Etruscans are a mystery. In America many of the races are wholly alien, and do not perhaps, when intermingled, produce lasting and marked types. Probably the Anglo-Saxon and German elements so dominate the whole that the others are swamped and merged, or even die out. Even if an Eskimo marries a lady from the Levant (an extreme case), there is little originality introduced into the population. It may be that American novelists feel this, for they seldom wander far from New England, California and the old miners, Tennessee, New York, and the watering places. The truth is that, as they say in Hampshire, "it is not the fly but the driver" that catches trout, so it is not the people he lives among, but the novelist, that makes the good novel. All sorts of people are interesting if a man has the genius to set them forth in the right light. One field is as good as another—Russia as New York, Shetland as Pall-mall, Texas as Simla, and evolution need not distress herself in the effort to produce original characters.

A hamlet in Warwickshire will do as well as the arena of the United States, "when properly handled and developed." But there is no obvious reason why American novelists should not stay in America.

### "Americanisms and Briticisms"

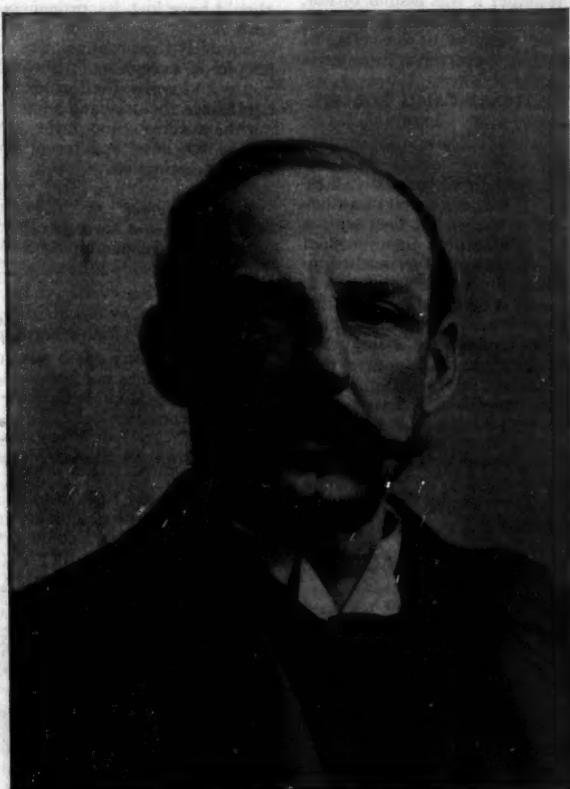
TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In one of the delightful essays, that on "Ignorance and Insularity," in his little volume entitled "Americanisms and Briticisms," Mr. Brander Matthews says (p. 109) :—

"But the lordliness of the eminent German who reviewed Mr. Andrew Lang's book without reading it was tempered by the good faith with which he confessed his ignorance; and his offence was less heinous than that of the critic in *The Saturday Review*, who dismissed Mr. Aldrich's 'Queen of Sheba' with a curt assertion that it was like the author's other poems."

In reviewing "Americanisms and Briticisms" in *The Illustrated London News* for Jan. 21, 1893, Mr. Andrew Lang replies to the passage I have just quoted as follows:—

"\* \* \* But, while I spoke of critics, Mr. Matthews had the ordinary run of reviewers of light (and commonly worthless) literature in his mind. How could I suppose that anyone was thinking



MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD

about such people? They, it seems, are ignorant (especially of matters American) and insular. Well, I am not defending them. One of them said that Mr. Aldrich's 'Queen of Sheba' was 'like the author's other poems.' I never read 'The Queen of Sheba,' but I have seen two or three passages in Mr. Aldrich's poems which were like passages in Lord Tennyson's. These coincidences are always occurring in all poetry; and I have also seen charming pieces of Mr. Aldrich's which might deserve a place, if they were in Greek, in the 'Greek Anthology.' No doubt, if the critic said no more of Mr. Aldrich's 'Queen of Sheba' than that it was 'like his other poems,' he said too little. *He meant that the poem was worth no more than most poems.* But who ever maintained that critics were always copious and courteous?"

There seems to be a misunderstanding here which warrants, if not the surgical operation prescribed in certain Scotch cases, at least a word of explanation. "The Queen of Sheba" is a prose novel. In view of this fact, I think Mr. Lang will agree that a criticism which said the "Queen of Sheba" was like Mr. Aldrich's "other poems" was at least inept. Whether it was insular or not, Mr. Lang can decide for himself; but it seems certainly to belong to that class of cases which gave rise perhaps to the saying of Novalis—who was not an American—that "every Englishman is himself an island."

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 6, 1893.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In reading Mr. Brander Matthews's amusing and suggestive little book, "Americanisms and Briticisms," I was reminded of an unfortunate attempt of mine to inoculate the British intellect with a joke. One of the London law journals spoke of a distinguished English judge as an expert at cricket, whereupon I remarked, in the *Albany Law Journal*, that it was a fine condescension in a judge to descend from "bench to cricket." This *stumped* the Englishman, and he demanded an explanation. I explained that "cricket" is English for a low stool. He replied that it might be "American," but it certainly was not English. Of course that settled it. But after a while, a correspondent of the Englishman admitted that he had heard that "cricket" was used in that sense in Yorkshire. This was some years ago, before "The Century Dictionary" was published. Now I find from that work that in the Autobiography of Sir Roger North he speaks of the *barristers* sitting on *crickets*! That will be a thorn in the side of my London brother. On another occasion I was equally unable to make the same editor believe that there is any such word as "sliver" in the sense of a small splinter. Now "The Century Dictionary" substantiates my (and the common New England) use of it in that sense, and shows that Chaucer and Shakespeare so used it.

I am thoroughly in sympathy with Mr. Matthews in his views of spelling. It is exasperating to find, in a very recent American edition of "The Scarlet Letter," the *u* retained in *honor* and *labor*. I hope Hawthorne's shade does not know of it. But the most exasperating truckling to English spelling is among some Anglo-maniacs in this country who write "cheque" for "check." If one of these persons should send me a check, and should call it a "cheque," I almost believe I would refuse to receive it!

BUFFALO, N. Y., 4 Feb., 1893.

IRVING BROWNE.

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*The Pronunciation of the Noun "Aches" in Shakespeare.*—The following query comes from a Boston correspondent:—"In 'The Tempest,' Act I., Sc. 2, line 370, of Globe edition, would you read 'akes' or 'aitches'? I hope you would not follow the example of the actor mentioned in your notes and skip the line."

The line referred to reads thus:—"Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar." *Aches* is evidently a dissyllable, and should be pronounced *aitches*, as we know it was in the time of Shakespeare. The verb was pronounced *ake*, as we often find it printed; for instance, in this same play, iii. 3. 2, the folio of 1623 reads: "My old bones akes." Baret, in his "Alvearie" (1580), says: "*Ake* is the Verbe of the substantive *ach*, *ch* being turned into *a*." That the noun was pronounced like the name of the letter *h* is evident from a pun in "Much Ado," iii. 4. 56:—

"*Beatrice.* By my troth, I am exceeding ill! Heigh-ho!"

"*Margaret.* For a hawk, a horse or a husband?

"*Beatrice.* For the letter that begins them all, *H.*"

There is a similar joke in "The World Runs upon Wheels," by John Taylor, the Water-Poet: "Every cart-horse doth know the letter *G* very understandingly; and *H* hath he in his bones."

The story to which our correspondent refers is that, when John Kemble first played Prospero in London, he pronounced *aches* in this passage as a dissyllable, which gave rise to a great dispute on

the subject among the critics. During this contest Mr. Kemble was laid up with sickness, and Mr. Cooke took his place in the play. Everybody listened eagerly for his pronunciation of *aches*, but he left the whole line out; whereupon the following appeared in a newspaper as "Cooke's Soliloquy":—

"*Aitches or akes,* shall I speak both or either?  
If *akes* I violate my Shakespeare's measure—  
If *aitches* I shall give King Johnny pleasure;  
I've hit upon't—by Jove, I'll utter neither!"

Other instances of *aches* in Shakespeare's verse occur in "Timon of Athens," i. 2. 370: "Aches contract and starve your supple joints!" and in the same play, v. 1. 202: "Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses."

It is curious that people should assume that the difference in the pronunciation of the noun and the verb *ache* is something anomalous, when the word is one of a class like *speak*, *speech*, *break*, *breach*, etc. In all these words the verb has the *k* sound, the noun the *ch* sound. The strange thing about *ache* is that the noun should have lost its proper pronunciation and taken that of the verb.

Similarly the pronunciation of the noun *rise* as *rice* strikes most people as exceptional; but this also is an example of a class of nouns and verbs, the former of which have the *s* sound, while the latter have the *x* sound; like *use*, *grease* (the verb properly having the *s* sound, though the other is now common), etc. In *advise*, *advise*, we have a different spelling, but this is a comparatively modern distinction.

"*To bodily act*" in "Coriolanus," i. 2. 5.—In a recent number of *The Nation* a correspondent cites this expression as an instance in which Shakespeare puts a word between *to* and the infinitive. The passage reads thus:—

"What ever have been thought on in this state,  
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome  
Had circumvention?"

Of course *bodily act* is adjective and noun, not adverb and verb. Shakespeare does not happen to use *bodily* as an adverb. It would be interesting to know how the passage could be explained with the other construction.

*The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy.*—A subscriber in Chicago writes:—

"Where could I get in briefest compass a clear statement of the arguments of the Baconian cranks? \* \* \* I should like as good a statement as I could get on the Baconian side."

The "Brief for Plaintiff; Bacon vs. Shakespeare," by Mr. Edwin Reed, a pamphlet of some thirty-six pages, published in Chicago in 1890, is a cheap and concise statement of that side of the controversy; but the plaintiff's case has been more fully set forth in five papers by Mr. Reed, which form part of a series in *The Arena* intended to present both sides "in the tribunal of literary criticism." The plan of the discussion, as announced by the editor last July, is as follows:—

"1. A brief for the plaintiff in three sections: (A) William Shakespeare; (B) Lord Bacon; (C) Objections noted and answered.

"2. Brief for the defendant; a full, fair and scholarly presentation of the claims for William Shakespeare.

"3. The verdict of the jury; containing a consensus of opinion of the foremost Shakespearian scholars and critics of the age, based on the evidence adduced."

Mr. Reed's articles appeared in the *Arena* for July, August, September, October and November; and, to my thinking, his arguments were completely refuted in the December number by the Rev. A. Nicholson, LL.D., of Leamington, England, whose pamphlet, entitled "No Cipher in Shakespeare" (London, 1888), noticed in these columns February 7, 1891, was by far the best thing ever written in reply to Donnelly. Neither the cryptogramist nor any of his English friends was able to answer it; and I believe that the old-school Baconians—as they may be called in distinction from the cipher-mongers—will find the Doctor's *Arena* article equally unanswered.

Dr. Nicholson, indeed, did his work so thoroughly that he left nothing of importance to be added by those who were to follow him on the Shakespearian side in the January, February and March numbers of *The Arena*. In the April and May numbers the case will be summed up and the verdict rendered.

The editor of *The Arena* announces the following persons as among those "who will be heard in the case either as attorneys, jurors or specialists":—The Marquis of Lorne, Edmund Gosse, Prof. Donaldson, Principal of St. Andrew's University, Scotland; Gov. William E. Russell, E. C. Stedman, Appleton Morgan, President of the New York Shakespeare Society; Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Hon.

Ignatius Donnelly, Prof. N. S. Shaler of Harvard, Prof. A. E. Dolbear of Tufts, Henry Irving, Joseph Jefferson, Luther R. Marsh, Mary A. Livermore, Henry W. Hilliard, Lewis O. Brastow, Dr. C. A. Bartol, the Rev. M. J. Savage, George M. Towle, Gen. Marcus J. Wright, A. R. MacDonough, William E. Sheldon, Francis E. Abbott, Thomas G. Shearman, Henry George, Franklin H. Head, Hon. A. A. Adey, Mrs. Henry Pott and Frances E. Willard."

### The Lounger

PROPER NAMES are a terrible stumbling-block to some people. Marie Bashkirtseff was a shibboleth to thousands of her admirers. It was very seldom that any one pronounced the name correctly, yet nothing could have been easier. I happened to be in a book-store one day when a woman hustled in and said to the learned-looking salesman:—"I want the journal of that young Russian girl that everybody is reading." The salesman replied:—"I know what you mean, madam; here is the book," and he placed it in her outstretched hand. She looked curiously at the title, and then, after a moment's hesitation, said:—"I wish you would be good enough to tell me how that name is pronounced; say it slowly, for I want to remember it." Flattered by her confidence in his linguistic attainments, he replied:—"It is a Russian name, madam, and is pronounced Mary Brickerstaff." The woman looked just a little surprised. "Thank you," she said, "that is not the way I have heard it pronounced, but I am very glad to get it right at last." "Yes, madam, that is it—Mary Brickerstaff," and there was a touch of superiority in his tone that may have been lost upon the customer, but was not lost on me.

DURING THE SUCCESS of Hugh Conway's "Called Back," I was on the train bound to Philadelphia when the boy who supplies literature to travellers came shouting his wares through the car. "The January *Century* just out; Huge Conway's new book; all the latest novels." And he passed on—not into oblivion, however, for I have rescued him from that!

THE NAME OF Eleonora Duse is just now taxing the ingenuity of the average theatre-goer. I was waiting my turn at the box-office a few days ago when a man pushed himself in front of me. "What's Mrs. Duse going to play on Wednesday night?" he inquired of the ticket-seller. "The Cavaleer Rustycanner," answered the box-office. "The o-pera?" asked the man. "No, the draymer," was the reply. I mentally thanked this man for his rudeness in crowding in ahead of me; otherwise this delicious dialogue would have been lost to me and the Lounger's readers. It may not be amiss to say, just here, that *Dou-say* is the correct pronunciation of the Italian actress's name, the emphasis falling on the first syllable.

FINE AS IS SIGNORA DUSE's acting in "Camille," I must say that I was much more thrilled by Mme. Modjeska's performance in the second act. Never while I live shall I forget the impression made upon me by Mme. Modjeska in the interview with Duval *ître*, during the writing of the letter, and by the burst of hysterical laughter after she has taken leave of Armand. Every nerve in my body was screwed up to concert pitch, and it took something more than the turning up of the lights and the playing of the orchestra to let them down again.

I HAVE RECEIVED a letter from a well-known publisher, in which he says:—"Considering the exacerbated condition of many authors towards publishers, it occurs to us that just possibly you might contribute to keeping the balance even by publishing in *The Critic* the enclosed note from John Murray, which we clipped from the London *Athenaeum* of Jan. 28. We could easily parallel all Mr. Murray says of dead books and deficits." This is what Mr. Murray says on the "hardships of publishing":—

50 ALBEMARLE STREET, W., Jan. 24, 1893.

As the question of a publisher's risks is once more under discussion, may I be allowed to offer two or three concrete examples taken from the ledgers of my firm? I have no doubt that other publishers could give many of a similar kind.

A. A costly work, brought out twenty years ago under auspices which seemed to warrant confident hopes of success. The book is now "dead" past all recovery, and the deficit on it is \$1,727.

B. A work which has no rival of its kind; it came out with excellent prospects about seven years ago. The sale at first was good; it now amounts to only a few copies a year; the deficit is \$3,112.

C. A book of re'rence of undisputed value and excellence. Present deficit, \$3,095, which may, and I hope will, in the long run be wiped off; but this result can only be attained by means of great exertions, and with the constant risk of some change in public taste which may wreck this great venture.

I could multiply instances, but I leave these three typical ones to speak for themselves, as evidence that publishers do constantly and inevitably run great risks.

JOHN MURRAY.

This is true of most publishing houses. All the losses do not fall to the share of the author.

J. M. OF NORDHOFF, Ventura Co., California, writes to me thus:—"How strange the contrast between the English and the American appointment of a national poet! It seems as if in England all the poets are being suddenly 'read up' for the choice; and, as for appointment, the people have neither initiative nor referendum. If it were an affair of ours, we might well wonder why the name of Austin Dobson is so seldom mentioned in this connection. In a preface to one of this poet's volumes, our critic, Mr. Stedman, justly and eloquently defined the position of the author of 'Before the Curtain,' 'The Old Sedan Chair,' 'Beau Brocade' and 'The Lost Letter.' I believe it was Mr. Stedman who, long ago, styled Whittier 'the uncrowned laureate.' Since then the people have crowned him."

WHEN MR. YATES THOMPSON, who by marrying the daughter of Mr. Smith, of Smith, Elder & Co., had come into possession of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, saw fit to sell that property, after years of ownership, the old staff of the paper, not relishing the politics of the new proprietor, Mr. Cust, a Conservative M.P., entered in a body into the service of Mr. George Newnes, whose fortune was made in *Tit-Bits*, and are now busily engaged in bringing out *The Westminster Gazette* daily and *The Westminster Budget* weekly—the two papers being strong advocates of radical Liberalism. Mr. Cook, who edited *The Pall Mall Gazette*, is the editor of the daily *Westminster*, and Mr. Charles Morley, who edited *The Pall Mall Budget*, is the editor of the weekly *Westminster*. Concerning the daily edition of the paper, G. W. S. says in the *Tribune* that it is the old *Pall Mall* "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled and resuscitated." He continues:—

The new *Pall Mall* is the old *Pall Mall*, writ large and printed large. It would be legible if it were printed on white paper, and it would be readable, if it were legible. It would be more readable still, if there were less to read. The increase in the size of the paper gives rise to a doubt whether the same sum of intellectual force has not been spread thinner over more pages. Its editor, Mr. E. T. Cook, has given his measure before now. He was successor to Mr. Stead, who is at present occupied with spooks and ghost-stories, the last refuge of human credulity and the final test of infallibility. Mr. Cook is an apt pupil in the school of the new journalism, lacking, perhaps, some of the refinements of the old. But he knows the meaning of the word news, and he knows how to handle such news as there may be left over from the morning. He has energy, vivacity, eyes, and a gift of guessing what his public wants. Altogether the profession are glad to see him at work again; and the public, including Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery and other high personages, have given a cordial and deserved welcome to *The Westminster Gazette*.

YOU HAVE ALL HEARD of the life-insurance policies, the missing-word contests, the voting for popular teachers, clergymen and policemen held out by enterprising newspaper publishers as inducements to buyers of their journals. They have all proved more or less successful, but the Chicago *Tribune* has seen them all and gone them one better. In its Sunday issue it opened a "Cinderella's slipper contest." The drawing of a slipper measuring  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches from tip of heel to tip of toe is given, to excite the curiosity of women. Then there is the diagram of a foot, with lines for measurement and a "Cinderella coupon," which must be cut from the paper and filled out with the name and address of the contestant and the measurements of her foot! The Cinderella slipper will be given to the woman who is proved to have the smallest foot in Chicago. The first one who puts it on gets it with its attendant honor. If no one can be found to wear it, it will be given to the woman the measurements of whose foot come nearest to that of the Cinderella Slipper. In addition to the honor of receiving the Cinderella Slipper, the woman with the smallest perfect foot will receive \$25 in gold, and the next smallest \$15 in gold. Rival sheets will say that the *Tribune* has done this to increase its sales, but I know better. The idea is the outcome of the publisher's innate chivalry: he wishes to remove from Chicago women the stigma put upon them by the jealous editors of less prosperous cities.

M. DE BLOWITZ's school of journalism has a lusty rival in the Middle West. In the first number of the *Thought of Illinois*, the "Organ of the Central Literary Union" of Chicago, I find, under the heading "School of Journalism and of Literary Composition," a long preliminary discourse on the subject of the right education for a journalistic career. How sound and practical the ad-

vice is to which this discourse treats us may be learned from the paragraph on "purity of style," which I reproduce exactly as I find it, even to the use of italics, the *sic* only being ours:—

*Purity of Style* consists in the placing of the best word in the right place. Avoid slang and idioms. Never follow the standard of current journalistic literature. Correctness is never beyond our power though grace and eloquence may be. Right, pure and honest thinking are at the very root of all good writing. Verbal levities and the resulting irreverence prove a writer to have something rotten in him opposed to painstaking intellectual work. (Avoiding slang as you would the saliva from a foreign throat. Let every phase [*sic*], as a rule, be secreted in your own system and have the aroma of your own nature.—Editor.) Read a bit from the best poets every day of your life.

### Boston Letter

I MET Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith just after the opening of his new series of readings in Boston the other day, and found him delighted with his reception here. Well he might be, for Boston has certainly set itself on record as an enthusiastic admirer of the artist, author and reader. In one respect it is rather difficult to say which of the two companion readers, Thomas Nelson Page and Mr. Smith, is liked the better, for they are so entirely dissimilar. One lady voiced the general opinion to me after the first reading in these words:—"I was perfectly delighted with Mr. Smith's dramatic style and the vivid manner in which he pictured his characters; and then a few minutes later I looked around the house and saw scores of ladies, with their handkerchiefs to their eyes, actually weeping over the pathos which Mr. Page put into his stories. Mr. Smith, with his picturesque delivery, charms, and Mr. Page, with his earnest simplicity, affects."

While talking with Mr. Smith I asked how he possibly found time for carrying on so many pursuits, and how he ever found time in the beginning to learn them. "Why, my dear fellow," said he, in his hearty, off-hand way, "I never took the time to learn them. They simply drifted right along into my life, and I could not help doing what I did. While I was working in the iron works at Baltimore, and afterwards when I came North, still a minor, and was put in charge of a set of men, I studied the labor problem (which, by the way, gave me the foundation for a story of life experience on which I am now working), and I gradually learned mechanical engineering. At the same time I was drawing plans and pictures, so that later on, when I wanted to paint, it came quite natural, and I could not help doing as I did. I do not set myself up as a master-artist. I simply see something before me in Nature that I admire, and I immediately sit down and put it straight on the canvas before me, without stopping my brush."

"But I should imagine the nervous strain would be great when you have so many irons in the fire," I said to Mr. Smith.

"I do not allow any strain," replied the man of many works. "While I am writing stories, I simply write stories; while I am engineering, I am an engineer alone; and when I am painting pictures I know nothing of what is going on outside of that work, and care nothing. If I were in Venice, and determined to finish a certain number of pictures in a certain number of days, it would not make any difference if I had a cablegram from home saying that one of my tugs was blown up. I would simply toss the cablegram aside, say, 'That's too bad, but I am painting pictures now and I cannot bother with it,' forget the matter, and go on coloring canvases. That is the only way I can turn out the number I do. When I was last in Venice I finished fifty-three pictures in fifty-three days, and seventeen of those pictures were sold in New York for \$6000 immediately after being put on exhibition."

Then Mr. Smith began talking about his associate. He praised him enthusiastically, and the hearty friendliness in his tone showed entire lack of the slightest feeling of even fraternal rivalry. "That was a splendid tribute Tom paid to our dear old poet," said Mr. Smith, alluding to the warm words of appreciation which Mr. Page uttered at the first reading in honor of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. "It was so pleasant to have the dear old man there," continued Mr. Smith, "and I assure you we appreciated the trouble he took in coming out on that cold day to hear us." That night the author was entertained by the Tavern Club, and a few days later Mrs. James T. Fields gave a breakfast in honor of the two at her residence.

The fund to build a memorial statue to Bishop Brooks has reached the sum of \$45,000 at this writing. It is increasing every day, so that before these lines are read it will probably be much larger. The rich men of the city have given five hundred dollars and a thousand dollars each, while men and women, whose means were limited, have given the single dollars which help to swell the amount. The committee do not want the subscription to stop until \$100,000 has been reached, if that is possible. Franklin Simmons has placed on exhibition at Doll & Richards his marble bust of the

Bishop made from the model which he moulded a year ago, and which he took to his study in Rome. The bust, together with a bust of Robert Treat Paine, arrived here only a few days ago. Mr. Simmons has lived in Rome since 1868, although he has occasionally visited this country during that time, and is the sculptor of the statue of Grant, made for the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, the "Grief and History" group which surmounts the Naval Monument at Washington, the Longfellow statue at Portland, and the Roger Williams statue at Providence. Although a foreign resident now by choice, he is a Maine man by birth.

The appeal of the classmates of Phillips Brooks for the erection at Harvard College of a Phillips Brooks House was mentioned last week in *The Critic*. They hope to spend \$100,000 for a building dedicated "not only to the comfort and succor of all in the College world who are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any adversity, but also to that joyous and rich life he always preached." They estimate that it would take \$8,000 a year to maintain this religious home, and they desire also a fund for the voluntary services in Appleton Chapel as well as for the accommodation of the College preachers. This would necessitate in all a fund of \$300,000, and of this Bishop Brooks's classmates will give one-tenth, provided the whole sum is subscribed before next Commencement. The Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, Prof. George H. Palmer and Robert Treat Paine have been requested to act as trustees, with three others to be selected by them. In connection with this call it is interesting to note that Dr. Brooks himself, before starting for Europe last June, wrote to the students concerning his interest in seeing a building erected for the religious societies of Harvard, and declaring that they could count on him for whatever he could possibly do.

A movement is on foot to purchase "Elmwood" and turn it into a park memorial of Lowell. Miss Lucia T. Ames originated the plan, and has already secured the promised aid of prominent men. The entire estate can be bought for \$100,000, and half of this amount Miss Ames hopes to secure by popular subscription. Mrs. Burnett, the daughter of Lowell, is willing to part with the property provided her family is permitted to continue living there.

Longfellow's Wayside Inn at Sudbury was sold last Saturday to ex-Mayor S. H. Howe of Marlboro and ex-Alderman Homer Rogers of Boston. The new owners intend to preserve the historical features of the place and make it a summer resort. For nearly two hundred years, it is said, this property has been handed down in the Howe family, never before passing out of the hands of kin. Its latest owner was Mrs. Lucy A. Newton of Maynard.

BOSTON, Feb. 14, 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### Loti and Dagnan-Bouveret

PRINCE BOJIDAR KARAGEORGEVITCH, who writes of Dagnan-Bouveret in the March number of *The Magazine of Art*, hints at a delightful possibility in the way of pen and pencil:

The year of the Great Exhibition Loti came to Paris, and I went with him to see the "Breton Women." Dagnan had often spoken to me of Loti, and I had the great pleasure of introducing my two friends to each other at dinner. It would be almost too bad to describe their first meeting—both of them so excessively shy (and you, Loti, more so, perhaps, than Dagnan, because you have already been more utterly bored by celebrity than he has), and making each other more shy. It was very difficult to break the ice; but, happily, by the end of a quarter of an hour it had completely melted away, and that very day Loti and Dagnan agreed to be partners in a joint work. This is the scheme: the two masters are to combine, one to depict, and one to describe, a nook of Brittany—Le Morbihan possibly. I may only say *possibly*, for time is going on, Loti is at sea, and this delightful plan seems of such perfect promise that, for that very reason, dare we hope ever to see it realized? However, a beginning has been made.

### Daudet and Theodore Child

IN AN INTERVIEW with Mr. Robert H. Sherard in Paris, M. Alphonse Daudet said of the late Theodore Child:

A very gifted man. Yes, we were intimate to a certain extent; indeed, it was I, I think, who introduced him to much of the society that he wrote about. I made Child's acquaintance in a strange way; indeed, the first time I heard of him I wanted to fight him. At that time he was editing a paper published in Paris, and it was brought to my knowledge by one of the first reporters who ever interviewed me—that was long ago, and the reporter was got up in the style which has since become classic, with note-book, eye-glasses, and so forth—that I was written about in a very offensive way in this article. It began:—"Alphonse Daudet was born at Carthage."

When I returned to Paris I sat down and wrote a very impudent letter to Mr. Child, and told him that I didn't allow liberties to be taken with my name, and that I should know how to protect myself more *Gallorum* if his paper published any more rudeness about me. He called on me himself and said that he was very sorry that the article in question had given me offence, that it had been cut out of another paper, and generally made himself so amiable that I was glad to see him again, and to do what I could for him. I afterwards met him frequently at M. de Nitis's.

### Swinburne's World's Fair Ode

THE FOLLOWING is the ode suggested by the forthcoming World's Fair at Chicago, written by Mr. A. C. Swinburne :—

#### EAST TO WEST

Sunset smiles on sunrise; east and west are one,  
Face to face in heaven before the sovereign sun.  
From the springs of the dawn everlasting a glory renews and transfigures the west,  
From the depths of the sunset a light as of morning enkindles the broad sea's breast,  
And the lands and the skies and the waters are glad of the day's and the night's work done.  
Child of dawn, and regent on the world-wide sea,  
England smiles on Europe, fair as dawn and free.  
Not the waters that gird her are purer, nor mightier the winds that her waters know.  
But America, daughter and sister of England, is praised of them, far as they flow:  
Atlantic responds to Pacific the praise of her days that have been and shall be.  
So from England westward let the watchword fly,  
So for England eastward let the seas reply;  
Praise, honor, and love everlasting be sent on the wind's wings, westward and east,  
That the pride of the past and the pride of the future may mingle as friends at feast,  
And the sons of the lords of the world-wide seas be one till the world's life die.

### An Unpublished Poem by Charlotte Brontë

IN THE February *Cornhill* is to be found a heretofore unpublished poem by Charlotte Brontë. No line of introduction tells where or when it was discovered—facts which would have been interesting to know. If Charlotte Brontë had written poems of this sort to the exclusion of novels such as "*Jane Eyre*," her reputation would not have been as great as it is to-day. The poem is not inappropriately published in *The Cornhill*, of which magazine Thackeray, the first man-of-letters to appreciate her worth, was the editor. We quote the juvenile, amateurish lines for the sake of the writer's name, and not for their intrinsic merit. The title of the poem is "Memory":—

"When the dead in their cold graves are lying  
Asleep, to wake never again,  
When past are their smiles and their sighing,  
Oh! why should their memories remain?  
"Though sunshine and spring may have lightened  
The wild flowers that blow on their graves;  
Though summer their tombstones have brightened,  
And autumn have pall'd them with leaves;  
"Though winter have wildly bewailed them  
With her dirge wind, as sad as a knell;  
Though the shroud of her snow-wreath have veiled them,  
Still, how deep in our bosoms they dwell!  
"The shadow and sun-sparkle vanish,  
The cloud and the light fleet away;  
But man from his heart may not banish  
Ev'n thoughts that are torment to stay.  
"The reflection departs from the river,  
When the tree that hung o'er is cut down;  
But on Memory's calm current for ever  
The shade, without substance, is thrown.  
"When quenched in the glow of the ember,  
When the life-fire ceases to burn,  
Oh! why should the spirit remember?  
Oh! why should the parted return?  
"Because that the fire is still shining,  
Because that the lamp is still bright;  
While the body in dust is reclining,  
The soul lives in glory and light."

### The Fine Arts

#### The Loan Collection at the Fine Arts Building (FIRST NOTICE)

THERE ARE MANY very enjoyable pictures at the Loan Collection, but the visitor will do well to regard it as an opportunity for study rather than for enjoyment. There are brought together in the three larger galleries authentic works by some of the best painters of the last two centuries, and many fine modern works. It is possible to trace the affiliation of the modern school with the naturalistic painters of the seventeenth century, and to compare both with Reynolds and his contemporaries. Many of the pictures have already been exhibited at the Union League Club and elsewhere in New York, but so large a number of paintings by Dutch and English masters has not before been seen here, and the fact that they are accompanied by a good selection of modern paintings adds greatly to the interest of the occasion.

The oldest paintings are in the small middle gallery. Passing by a few which derive more interest from their owners, of whom we are certain, than from the painters to whom they are attributed, and a few other good Italian and Spanish paintings of which those ascribed to "painters unknown" are not the least worthy of attention, we would ask the reader to look at the little "Village Scene," No. 69, a dance of peasants who are enjoying themselves on the outskirts of a village, and the "Old Woman in a Kitchen," her hands folded in her lap, both ascribed to the younger Teniers, as are also five small pictures representing "The Five Senses." These, with a self-portrait of Franz Hals, a "Smoker," by Adrian von Ostade, a "Game of Cards," by Brower, and another picture with the same title, but very different in matter and treatment, by Pieter de Hoogh, will prepare one to fully appreciate and enjoy the still finer de Hoogh and the splendid Rembrandts in the outer gallery. Most of these have been shown before at the Metropolitan Museum, but Nos. 18 and 14, portraits of Rembrandt's friend, the Burgomaster Six and his wife, are new to most New Yorkers, and are magnificent specimens of the painter's skill. The portrait of Six especially, a handsome, impulsive-looking young man, has evidently been painted *con amore*, and the interest of its subject apart, hardly yields to the famous "Gilder" itself as a picture.

To turn from those wonderful portraits to Sir Joshua's is like passing from the company of real folk to that of ghosts. It may be questioned whether Sir Joshua gained anything by his efforts to paint the ideal without the idea. His eclecticism was, however, guided by good taste, and though his carnations have vanished and his faces are all too much like one another, though his drawing is too abstract and his modelling not what it should be—perhaps owing to those fugacious lakes which he loved not wisely but too well—in spite of all drawbacks there is a charm about his faded harmonies and the studied negligence of his poses which is not to be found in the work of his English contemporary, Lawrence, or his American followers, Copley and Stuart, of all of whom, nevertheless, very interesting works are in the collection. A portrait of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, by Gainsborough, and one of Mrs. Fitz-Herbert, by Romney, are more realistic, and on that account more satisfactory.

The landscapes only of the English section can be usefully compared with the modern works in the larger gallery. There is a sufficient number of Constables to enable one to estimate the true position of that "precursor." The debt which modern French landscape-painting owes him might be paid without entailing bankruptcy. None of the examples now first seen here compare with the "Weymouth Bay," No. 51, and the "Dedham Vale," No. 35, which were shown at the Union League Club last season, and have already been described in *The Critic*. Gainsborough's very beautiful landscape called "The Market Cart" was also at the exhibition to which we refer, as well as Constable's Turner-esque "Winandermeer."

The last-named picture is now hung next to a real Turner, "Mercury and Argus," and one need not care very much for the latter picture to see that it is immensely superior to Constable's imitation. It has suffered disastrously from the darkening of the yellow pigment which Turner had used to imitate the glare of afternoon sunshine. The blues, on the contrary, remain fresh and bright, and thus the whole picture is thrown out of key; the visitor, if he is not a painter, had perhaps best pass it by.

We have left ourselves altogether too little space in which to speak of the modern paintings, and must return to them next week. At one end of the large hall is a collection of impressionist landscapes, and other pictures, French and American, among which are hung some paintings by Puvis de Chavannes, who, though he is not an impressionist, seems quite at home in their company. And elsewhere in the gallery are to be found "A Lion Hunt," by Delacroix; "Flowers," by Vollon; Fortuny's "Beach at Portici"; two fine interiors with figures by Israels; a splendid "Sea-Shore," by

Courbet; "The Storm," by Fromentin; and examples of Mesdag, Corot, Bonvin, Millet and other celebrated artists.

#### Pictures at the Union League Club

THE FIRST EXHIBITION under the management of the new Art Committee (consisting of Charles E. Whitehead, Chairman; Eugene V. Connett, Secretary; Clarence King, John B. Ladd and John Elderkin) took place at the Union League Club last week. The most interesting picture shown was a "Christ on the Lake of Gennesaret," by Eugène Delacroix, one of seven variants of the same subject painted by him in 1853-4; another was shown at the Barby exhibition, some years ago. In the present example, which comes, we believe, from the Barbedienne collection, the boat is without mast or sails, one of the rowers has lost his oar and leans over the gunwale trying to recover it, the boat is tossed about, without any means of direction, one of the Apostles throws up his hands with a gesture of despair and another tries to calm him. In the prow of the boat Christ is asleep, with a supernatural light about Him; the contrast He presents with the agitated figures that fill the remainder of the boat being increased by the varied tones of their fluttering draperies, white, dark brown, scarlet, pink and violet. A fine Rousseau, a sunset seen through trees; an interior by Decamps, "The Smugglers"; an important Gérôme, "Bonaparte in Egypt"; and good examples of Corot, Jongkind, Ziem and Cazin were shown. Among the American painters represented were George H. Smillie, F. E. Church, George Inness, Eastman Johnson and the late Alexander H. Wyant.

#### Art Notes

"PICTURE-MAKING in the Studio by Photography," by H. P. Robinson, offers good suggestions about choice of subject and accessories, lighting, posing and other matters of interest to the "artist-photographer." It is illustrated with a picture of a young woman playing with what appears to be a large brazen shield. (50 cts. Scovill & Adams Co.)

—Mr. Karl Karoly's "Guide to the Paintings of Florence" gives in convenient pocket shape the titles of the many hundred pictures in the Florentine galleries and churches, with occasional short notices, critical and descriptive, and some account of the subjects, legendary and otherwise, of the principal among them. It appears to have been compiled with care from good authorities. (\$1.50. Macmillan & Co.)

—Regarding the rumor that Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, widow of the California Senator, is to erect a museum in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, at an expense of \$1,000,000, *Kate Field's Washington* says:—"Much of the material for this museum has been gathered by Mrs. Hearst during extensive travels, and is now stored in her Washington and San Francisco residences and in warehouses in New York. One of the San Francisco papers is authority for the statement that in her will Mrs. Hearst has made a bequest of another million for the museum, with explicit directions concerning its expenditure. One-half will be used for the building, while the remaining \$500,000 will be reserved as a fund for its maintenance and the purchase of such additions as from time to time shall be deemed desirable."

—From *The Magazine of Art* we learn that Mr. G. F. Watts has completed a new version of his "Love and Life." "The design is well known, but the exquisite color, so tender and subtle in harmony, has never been surpassed by the artist, nor sweet and spiritual expression more triumphantly realized. This masterpiece is to represent Mr. Watts in Chicago, and when the exhibition is closed he will present it to the American nation as his contribution to a permanent gallery."

—Among the portraits soon to be added to the exhibition of Williams & Everett which opens this week in Boston is that of Paderewski, painted by J. Edward Barclay of New York. This is the third portrait the noted pianist has had painted. The other two were by Princess Louise and Alma Tadema. The portrait will be presented to Mr. William Steinert.

—A report from the Art Committee of which Mr. Henry G. Marquand is Chairman advised the Park Board, last week, against the acceptance of Chester A. Arthur's statue, alleging that "it was not equal to the average of the sculpture in Central Park." A worse thing could hardly have been said of it. Ephraim Keyser was the designer of the statue, and it was cast in bronze by the Henry Bonnard Co. Two hundred and fifty admirers of President Arthur raised the money for it. After discussion, the Art Committee's report was approved, and the statue was rejected.

—A cast of Bishop Brooks' face was obtained by the sculptor Bartlett immediately after death. A Boston despatch says:—"The broad, placid face seems almost happy in its expression, and the closed eyes hint at naught but peaceful slumber. The mouth has

just the slightest droop, but every line of character is retained. No sign of wasting is visible. It is the living Bishop one appears to be looking at. Over the forehead curls the familiar little wave of hair. Beside the mask lay the hand, with all the fingers outspread. On the back of the hand the veins and muscles stand out almost tense."

#### "About Critics and Criticism"

MR. WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE, in an article under the above title, printed in his "half-and-half" department (half reading-matter and half advertisements) in *The New England Magazine* for February, airs a personal grievance. How far he speaks for other book-reviewers than the one who holds forth monthly "In a Corner at Dodsley's," they only can say. We make a long extract from his jeremiad:

The poor critics have usually belonged to what Nathaniel Hawthorne called "the aristocracy of wretchedness." In the popular imagination they are the autocrats of literature, and it is amazing to what an extent this delusion is shared by authors, to whom there is no mystery about a printing-office. The critics are the serfs of literature. If the authors have done with Grub Street, the poor critics have not. It demands a much more varied equipment and talent to write opinions that shall possess interest and originality about contemporary literature (the bulk of which is not worth the effort of making up one's mind about at all), than to write an average popular novel. A vivacious chronicle of opinion requires a wide acquaintance with genuine literature, a judicial, logical mind, a faculty for epigram, a strong creative power (using the word "creative" in its proper sense) and a distinct charm of style. The average popular novel demands none of these things. In fact, it would not seem extravagant to say that the average popular novel becomes so through the complete absence of these qualities in the creator. The critic who signs his work has usually a better sense of proportion and a deeper insight into the responsibilities of literature than the popular novelist who reviles him. The critic, at least, contributes to the literature of knowledge; while the popular novelist, with his industrious multiplication of mysteries and insipid heroes and heroines, simply denies his readers an acquaintance with literature of any sort. Anonymous critics who abuse their office to ventilate personal dislikes are as unworthy of notice as anonymous letter writers. But to be quite candid, only those critics who have an established place in literature and have forced the proprietors of the journals to permit the printing of their signatures, dare express sincere, honest personal opinions.

As a matter of fact, speaking generally, a much less interesting custom than Donnybrook criticism obtains in our current literature. "Bloody" Jeffrey, Croker, Gifford and their myrmidons have no successors. The "Bloody" sessions are closed; and they were so amusing in their ludicrous earnest asininity, that one cannot but regret that a little of their barbarism has not survived in our day of vapid, sugary criticism. The philosophic mind is merely amused at adverse opinion, expressed with exaggerated violence and intolerance. The literary claqueurs of to-day, who always yell one way like a pack of hounds, cannot afford one the same innocent distraction from one's serious interests. Honest criticism is almost a lost art; and so is the dishonest criticism that amuses. I confess if I had an hour for relaxation I would rather spend it in seeing a man hanged in effigy than in listening to one of those eulogies that are like eating-house dishes—all alike except in name. After all that can be said in disapprobation of them, the critics are more to be pitied as the martyrs of ignoble machinery, than execrated as bad amusers. Are they not asked and compelled to sacrifice their whole intellectual capital to the mechanical approval or disapproval of a multiplicity of dull authors, who could not write an interesting paper on their own stupidity if it were to save their necks from the halter! We ought to be thankful that a few critics are able to dispose of their ostensible subjects in a paragraph or two and give us essays on other matters very much more amusing. A really independent mind will not allow itself to be fettered and padlocked by titles, even of its own forging, when it can find sweeter, greener pastureage in a by-path.

A man who has a decided taste for literature is entirely unfitted for the career of a successful practical critic nowadays, as it is far more important for a success in literature to be a woman, a beauty, a possessor of a wonderful wardrobe, and give costly dinners in "society," than to possess any literary qualifications whatever. The worst of being a professional literary critic is that you are brought into collision with so many fools every week—in gilt edges, cloth and paper covers. A man had far better ruin his palate as a tea-taster than poison the sources of his imagination and inner life as a literary taster. The average critic who is compelled to earn his livelihood by his pen usually exists in an atmosphere of hopeless

contemporaneity. His examinations and his judgments in their very positiveness must necessarily be of the most perfunctory character. He is, with very few exceptions, in the same pickle as the unfortunate society reporter, who is obliged by his necessities to squander his life in the vestibule of "society," and hails every vapid young woman, who makes her formal entrance into her gilded cage, as a paragon of beauty and an Admirable Crichton in petticoats. The counting-house controls the critic's judgments, and allows him no selection; and, indeed, when an author or publisher has a social lever, as well as the ordinary means of influencing the opinions of the poor critic, through his employer, there is very little moral hesitation in evidence: then the critic cuts capers which may well make him desirous of preserving his anonymity. It is hard to have to praise a lady's book because she is the wife of a millionaire, and one's employer is invited to her table; and it adds a new poignancy to the situation when the lady's dinners and not the book must occupy the chief place in one's review. A man without imagination cannot be a critic—neither a true one nor a sham one. If he were only allowed to say what he thought, the critic's life would not be so miserable; but his opinions are furnished him by gentlemen whose ideas of literature are picturesque, to put it mildly, and the poor man has to father all sorts of crudities, or else resign in favor of some one to whom intellectual prostitution is less obnoxious. Books, which should be among the real satisfactions of life, become the bane of his existence. Even when he reviews good books he is in no better plight, for he must not let a careful review of one good book crowd out a dozen puffs of twelve bad ones; and so he has to put the same smear of molasses over everything which is thrown upon his table. He is only asked to read enough of the books that are sent to him to give his public a taste of their continental character; but he has to read so many every day that his whole existence becomes one long nightmare. He is the victim of the thousand and one semi-weekly, tri-weekly, weekly, semi-monthly and monthly libraries of fiction, and having leisure only to know the names of literature, he is haunted with a million multi-colored, grotesque and often suggestive covers of the popular, sensational and didactic novels. Some writers flout the poor critic for his misfortunes. This is mere wanton cruelty. I have an immense pity for the critic serving his term of servitude—possibly because I have served a long term at the galley myself. The secret of one-half of the ridiculous puffery of the press is poverty. The critics are often brilliant men of strong literary tastes, but they do not belong to themselves; they belong to a counting-house. It is owing to this deplorable perversion of the critical office that good books are so often neglected and allowed to die in a week with the bad ones. The indiscriminate puffing has led the mass of readers to disregard all criticism, which, whatever certain novelists may say to the contrary, rightly and honestly practised, is a very useful and necessary office. But it is painful to dwell long upon the condition of the unfortunates under the harrow. It is pleasant to turn to a consideration of a more legitimate and less saddening phase of critical writing.

### Why Amelia Swooned

THE LONDON *Queen*, which has found out why Amelia and other heroines of old-fashioned romance used to swoon so often, thus reveals the secret:

A writer in the New York *Critic* calls attention to the way in which Fielding's "Amelia" surpasses all other heroines of fiction in her power of swooning at the smallest—as well as the largest—provocation. She is always swooning and fainting. To be sure, her trials are many and great. She faints or swoons when her lover proposes; she faints when her mother refuses her consent; she faints when the Captain goes to the wars; she faints when she visits him in the sponging-house. Now, in all the novels of the last century, and in a great many novels of this, the women go off in a faint at every moment of emotion and surprise. We see Mrs. Bardell fainting in Mr. Pickwick's arms, for instance. Of course it was at one time supposed to be the correct thing to show signs of faintness at every surprise, and this long after the time of Amelia. Mrs. Veneering faints on hearing that her husband has become an M.P. But was it always a sham? Did the sweet and tender Amelia counterfeit these swoons? Did other ladies behave like the tender Amelia? My theory, based upon a large study of eighteenth-century novels and letters and biographies, is that, down to quite recent times, men and women alike were much more ungoverned than they are now. We find certain evidence that all the emotions—love, rage, jealousy, despair, hatred, revenge—were manifested a hundred years ago far more violently than we can at present understand. I do not believe that Amelia shammed; and I do believe that all ladies behaved, in her time, in much the same way. Why, then, if I am right, are we so much more self-restrained than we were? Why do we bear the blows—and accept the favors—of

fortune with so much more stoicism? There are many reasons. First of all, we feel things less; fortune's frowns do not in a general way mean such dreadful things as they did: there is a much thicker shield between us and the depths; there is no debtors' prison, for instance; there is a vast amount of accumulated wealth; a family in its third generation of success is guarded by these accumulations and by ties of blood against all kinds of surprises; a very great number of families never dread poverty at all. This makes a great difference. The annals of the last century are full of the most frightful and the most sudden reverses. Again, people have far less power than they had. Men used to kick their valets, ladies used to beat their maids. When you could do that, there was some sense in falling into a rage royal. But now one cannot enjoy that luxury. Again, we now drink much less wine and beer and strong waters than we did. Ladies when they took these things, as they used to take them, regularly and freely, were much more emotional than in these days when they take nothing. And we take more exercise, and we have made the exhibition of emotion ridiculous—men used to weep copiously and loudly on occasions when they would now be ashamed so much as to snuff; we no longer fight—less than a hundred years ago men were always quarrelling in public places, and fighting with fists and chairs and whatever else came handy. To all these things add the extended use of that salutary herb, tobacco, with—perhaps—I do not know—some softening of manners, some improvement in the minor morals, and we may understand a little how and why we have learned to control our tempers and to refrain—the men from rages, and the women from fainting.

### Notes

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS are preparing as their contribution to the World's Fair an "Exhibition Number" of *Scribner's Magazine* to be published simultaneously with the opening of the Exposition at Chicago. They have aimed to make it as fine an example of a magazine as can be produced. It is not proposed that the text shall relate chiefly to the Fair, but leading writers and artists have been asked to contribute to the number what they themselves think will best represent them. The number of pages will be largely increased.

—The death of Mr. Louis J. Jennings, who was the editor of the *New York Times* when it made its successful fight with Tweed, and who had been a newspaper correspondent and Conservative M. P. for some years past, having returned to England in his home, in 1876, was announced from London on Feb. 9. Mr. Jennings was the author of a number of works, including "Eighty Years of Republican Government in the United States" (1868), "Field Paths and Green Lanes" (1877), "Rambles Among the Hills" (1880), "Mr. Gladstone: A Study" and "The Millionaire" (1883). He was the editor of the "Croker Papers" (1884), and was for some years a contributor to *The Quarterly Review*.

—Mr. S. S. McClure has taken offices in the Scribner building in Broadway, opposite Astor Place, where he will publish *McClure's Magazine*, the first number of which will be ready about May first. Mr. McClure proposes in his magazine to introduce quite novel features. He will illustrate profusely, and aim at timeliness.

—Dr. Conan Doyle, who is now on the topmost wave of success as a writer of popular stories, in an autobiographical sketch in *The Idler* says:—"I have heard folk talk as though there were some hidden back-door by which one may creep into literature, but I can say myself that I never had an introduction to any editor or publisher before doing business with them, and that I do not think that I suffered on that account. Yet my apprenticeship was a long and trying one. During ten years of hard work, I averaged less than fifty pounds a year from my pen."

—The annual meeting of the National Educational Association will take place at Boston, February 21-23 inclusive. At each session one or more subjects of interest to educators will be discussed by the principals and superintendents in attendance. Among those who will address the Association are William H. Maxwell, Superintendent of Schools of Brooklyn, whose subject is "The Supervision of City Schools"; Andrew S. Draper, Superintendent of the Cleveland Schools, "Plans of Organization for School Purposes in Large Cities"; Charles B. Gilbert, Superintendent of the St. Paul Schools, "The Reconstruction of the Grammar-School Course"; William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, "What do School Statistics Teach in Respect to the Moral Influence of Education?"; W. Hudson Shaw, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, "University Extension in its Relation to Public Education"; Addison B. Poland, State Superintendent of Schools in New Jersey, "The Graded System of the Rural Schools of New Jersey"; and President Charles de Garmo of Swarthmore College, "The Value of Literature for Moral Culture."

—At the request of Mrs. Cleveland, Mr. Joseph Jefferson has consented to appear on the lecture-platform in this city in behalf of the New York Kindergarten Association. Music Hall has been engaged for this interesting event, which will occur on the evening of March 1. Mr. Jefferson calls his lecture "A Discourse on the Drama." It is expected that he will read his verses on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, and that in the course of his lecture he will read the grave-diggers' scene from "Hamlet," in which he played with Mr. Florence at Wallack's farewell benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House some years ago, making one of his greatest hits. This is the second time that Mr. Jefferson has appeared on the platform, the first being an address on a similar theme at Yale College. Those who were present enjoyed an entertainment that is said to have been altogether unique, and Mr. Jefferson's many admirers in this city will look forward with great curiosity and pleasure to his first appearance in New York in so new a rôle.

—Octave Uzanne printed in French an edition of 100 copies of his article contributed to *Scribner's Magazine*, on a manuscript discovered in London, giving Hugo's table-talk in Guernsey; but he has since suppressed the edition, at the request of the executors of Hugo. In his magazine, *L'Art et l'Idée*, he confesses that he was mistaken about the handwriting of the journal, which he attributed to François Victor Hugo, and of the interlineations by another person, whom he believed to be Hugo himself. He knows now that the journal was written in 1852 by Adèle Hugo, then a young girl, and that the interlineations were made by Auguste Vacquerie. The most cunning experts were deceived as he was.

—On Feb. 18 the New York Legislature adopted resolutions of honor and regret in memory of the late Senator Francis Kerman and George William Curtis, both of whom were Regents of the University of the State, the latter being its Chancellor. Several prominent Staten-Islanders have planned to hold a public meeting in honor of Mr. George William Curtis on Feb. 24, his birthday. Mr. William Winter will deliver an oration, and there will be addresses by other friends.

—"The Colossus" is the title of Opie Read's new novel, which will be published in March by F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago.

—James Whitcomb Riley sent Kipling a copy of his volume "Children's Verses." Kipling thanked him in rhyme; and here is one of the stanzas of his reply:

Your trail lies to the Westward,  
Mine back to mine own place,  
There is water between our lodges—  
I have not seen your face;  
But I have read your verses  
And I can guess the rest,  
For in the hearts of children  
There is no east or west."

—Messrs. Macmillan announce as nearly ready the first volume of Henry Craik's "English Prose-Writers," uniform with the companion series, T. H. Ward's "English Poets." This volume covers the period from the fourteenth to the end of the sixteenth century. There will be two editions corresponding to the Cabinet and Students' editions of Ward's Poets.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day "John Keble," by the Rev. Walter Lock, Sub-Warden of Keble College, Oxford; "Fair Shadow Land," a new volume of poems by Edith M. Thomas; "At the North of Bearcamp Water," the chronicles of a stroller in New England from July to December, by Frank Boles; "Books and their Use," with a list of books for students of the New Testament, by Prof. J. Henry Thayer; and Vol. 14 (English Topography: Part III.) of "The Gentleman's Magazine Library," edited by G. Laurence Gomme.

—Mr. W. E. Henley has written a poem of considerably greater length than anything he has yet printed. It is entitled "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and will appear in an early number of *Scribner's Magazine*. It consists of more than three hundred lines, and but for the absence of rhyme is in the same style as the "London Voluntaries."

—The Methodist Book Concern announces the "Life and Work of James G. Blaine," for one of the articles in which it is claimed the late ex-Secretary received \$5000 a few months before his death.

—Mr. Frederick Macmillan, eldest son of the founder of the house and head of the present firm of Macmillan & Co., "has a house in St. John's Wood, but spends about half the year at Temple Dinsley, his place in Herts, and manages to combine the career of an active man of business with the pursuits of a country gentleman. He is a County Magistrate," says a writer in *The Publishers' Circular*, "and a regular attendant at Quarter and Petty Sessions, and is to be found at least one day a week during the winter among the followers of the Hertfordshire hounds." Mr. Macmillan, who came

to this country in 1871, and remained for five years, has an American wife—a lady, by the way, who is not without literary talent. Her husband accepted and published a book of hers, a few years ago, without knowing who was its author.

—Ormsby's "Don Quixote," abridged and edited by M. F. Wheaton, will be issued by Ginn & Co. in March.

—In the evening of Friday, Feb. 10, the Aldine Club gave a very pleasant reception to the members of the Authors Club. Many of the Authors are Aldineans as well, and felt as much at home as if they had been hosts only, instead of hosts and guests; while a few persons who were members of neither club enjoyed the occasion as much as if they had been members of both.

—Mrs. Burnett tells a good deal about the original of Joan Lowrie, the heroine of her novel, "That Lass o' Lowrie's." Though she wears clogs, she "did not look like a back-street girl at all." The article appears in this month's *Scribner's*.

—Henry Holt & Co. will shortly publish "Literary Criticism for Students," by Prof. Edward T. McLaughlin of Yale—a volume of selections on literary aesthetics by the best-known English critics from Sir Philip Sydney to Walter Pater. They will also publish "Representative English Literature," by Henry S. Pancoast, University Extension Lecturer. This contains a large proportion of literary history; and the selections are somewhat fewer than is usual in such collections, but each complete in itself. Both volumes are suitable for general reading as well as for class-room use.

—Mrs. John Elliott (Maud Howe) will give four informal talks on Thursday afternoons in Lent at private houses in this city. Tickets may be had by addressing Mrs. Joseph H. Choate, No. 50 West 47th Street; Miss Purdy, No. 20 Fifth Avenue; and the Woman's Exchange, 329 Fifth Avenue.

—Mr. Henry Churchill De Mille, the dramatic writer, who died rather suddenly at his home at Pompton, N. J., on Feb. 11, at the age of about forty years, was a native of North Carolina and a graduate of Columbia College. He was preacher and teacher by turns, and afterwards examiner of plays for the Madison Square Theatre. He wrote "Delmar's Daughter," which failed; then with Charles Barnard he wrote "The Main Line," which was successfully played at the Lyceum Theatre and on the road, he himself at first appearing in it; then, over four years ago, with David Belasco he wrote "The Wife," which has been played continuously ever since. The same collaborators produced "The Charity Ball" and "Men and Women." Over a year ago was brought out "The Lost Paradise," adapted by Mr. De Mille from the German of Fulda. Mr. De Mille had written another play which is not yet produced and has no name, and he had begun still another. Since 1888 he had been connected with the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts. By a curious chance he had recently added \$10,000 to his life insurance. He leaves a wife, two sons and a daughter.

## Publications Received

(RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.)

Apocryphal Gospel of Peter. Tr. by E. E. Hale.	Boston : J. S. Smith & Co.
Barry, E. Some Lights of Science on the Faith.	Longmans, Green & Co.
Bowen, H. C. Fruebel and Education.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Bourget, P. Cosmopolis. Tr. by H. E. Miller. 30c.	Chicago : C. H. Sergel & Co.
Boies, H. M. Prisoners and Paupers.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Bunner, H. C. Bowen	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Chambers's Encyclopedia. Vol. X. \$2.	Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Co.
Crawford, M. The Children of the King.	Macmillan & Co.
Cornell University Register 1892-93.	Ithaca : Pub. by the Univ.
Dannreuther, E. Musical Ornamentation. Part I. 25.	Novello, Ewer & Co.
Field, E. With Trumpet and Drum.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Fishguard Invasion by the French in 1797.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Frye, J. A. From Headquarters.	Boston : Estes & Lauriat.
Gian, E. Chesterfield's Letters.	Boston : Gian & Co.
Hardy, T. and Others. Stories in Black and White.	D. Appleton & Co.
Hueffer, H. F. The Shifting of the Fire.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Jarvis, S. Dr. Perdue.	Chicago : Laird & Lee.
Jessop, A. Studies by a Recluse.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Knight, H. B. F. A Girl with a Temper. 30c.	Harper & Bros.
Legouvé and Labiche. La Cigale chez les Fourmis.	Boston : D. C. Heath & Co.
Suttnar, B. von. Lay Down Your Arms.	Trenton : J. L. Murphy Pub. Co.
Loti, P. A Phantom from the East.	Tr. by J. E. Gordon. \$1.
New Jersey School Report, 1891.	Trenton : J. L. Murphy Pub. Co.
Norris, M. H. John Applegate, Surgeon.	St. Paul : Price-McGill Co.
Parker, G. The Chief Factor.	Home Pub. Co.
Rondell, L. Foil and Sabre.	Boston : Estes & Lauriat.
Rose, J. Three Generations of English Women.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Russell, H. R. Poor Lady Massey.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Savage, M. J. Physics: Facts and Theories.	Boston : Areas Pub. Co.
St. Hilaire, P. Jean de Kerrien. Tr. by Mrs. Waugh.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Stephen, L. An Agnostic's Apology.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Suttner, B. von.	Schurman, J. G. An Appeal to the State for Cornell University.
Lay Down Your Arms.	Ithaca, N. Y.
Tr. by T. Holmes. \$1.75.	Ten Brink, B. History of English Literature. Tr. by W. C. Robinson. Vol. II. \$2.
Tucker, F. L. B. Life of Catherine Booth. 2 vols.	H. Holt & Co.
Under King Constantine.	F. H. Revell Co.
Van Oss, S. F. American Railroads as Investments.	A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Webster, D. Select Speeches of.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Ed. by A. J. George. \$1.50.	D. C. Heath & Co.

THIRTY-THIRD  
ANNUAL STATEMENT  
OF THE  
**HOME**  
**Life Insurance Co.,**

256 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,  
38 COURT ST., BROOKLYN.

JANUARY 1, 1893.

Net Assets, Jan. 1, 1892... \$7,214,933.44

INCOME.

Premiums received in 1892 \$1,310,105.10

Interest and Rents rec'd and profits on Bonds sold in 1892.... 445,099.34

Total Income, ..... \$1,755,204.44  
\$8,970,137.88

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Claims by Death...	\$586,765.25
Paid Matured Endowm'ts, P'd Annuities P'd Surrend'd Policies.... Paid Divid'ds to Policy-holders .... Total Paid to Policy-holders ... Total Disbursements	123,782.63 3,929.49 109,724.18 166,137.49 \$990,339.04 446,637.83
	\$1,436,976.87
Balance—Net Assets,	\$7,533,161.01

ASSETS.

Cost Value of Real Estate..	\$237,687.84
Loans on Bonds and Mortgages.....	2,650,332.23
Temporary Loans secured by Collateral (market value \$1,044,595) .....	617,631.14
Loans made in Cash to Policy-holders, Policies assigned to Company as collateral.....	121,177.06
Premium Loans on Policies in force.....	553,748.18
Cost Value of Bonds and Stocks owned.....	3,174,959.27
Cash on hand, in Banks and Trust Company.....	139,143.99
Ledger Balances (secured),	38,481.30
Net Assets Jan. 1, 1893, \$7,533,161.01	
All other Assets .....	552,201.25
Gross Ass'ts Jan. 1, 1893, \$8,085,362.26	

LIABILITIES.

Total Net present value of all outstanding Policy obligations, 4% valuation by the N. Y. Ins. Dep't, the value of all the Dividend Endowment Accumulations included.....	\$6,556,395.72
Surplus.....	\$1,528,966.54

POLICIES ISSUED.

1888.....	8190.....	\$ 4,945,099.00
1889.....	3180.....	6,704,102.00
1890.....	3393.....	7,301,312.00
1891.....	4150.....	8,688,830.00
1892.....	5170.....	12,754,408.63

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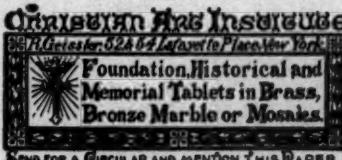
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